

The TATLER

Vol. CLXVI. No. 2156

and **BYSTANDER**

London
October 21, 1942



1/6

Clear that Cold with
VAPEX
BREATHE THE VAPOUR

VI94

McVITIE & PRICE
Biscuits of Highest Quality

Normandie Hotel

RESTAURANT & BUTTERY

KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.7

Ken 1400

LUNCHEON · DINNER · DANCING
TO THE GREGORY QUARTET 8 - 12

Single Rooms and Bath . . . 12/6
Single Rooms and Private Bath 15/-
Double Rooms . . . from 21/-
Inclusive weekly terms by arrangement

Special Terms to H.M. Forces and their Families

**HIGHLAND
QUEEN**



*Grand
Liqueur*

MACDONALD & MUIR LTD. - Leith, Edinburgh
Distilleries — Glenmoray-Glenlivet & Glenmorangie

For
INFLUENZA and **COLDS**

Cephos is safe
and
certain

13&3-
Sold everywhere
in tablet and
powder form

See-fuss REGD
THE
PHYSICIANS'
REMEDY

*Grant's
Scotch
Whisky*

"FAMOUS FOR HALF A CENTURY"

**PALACE COURT
HOTEL**

★ Bournemouth's most Modern
Hotel. All Hotel Bedrooms
have private bathrooms en
suite. Dancing weekends. ★
Telephone in every room.

BOURNEMOUTH

Tel.: BOURNEMOUTH 7100

Bulmer's

CHAMPAGNE CIDER



BY APPOINTMENT
TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI

MADE BY THE AUTHENTIC
CHAMPAGNE PROCESS

Obtainable at all the best
Hotels and Restaurants



His Dad says he's a bright boy with a bright future. But what are his chances of real success? Will he have the opportunity of taking up a career which offers good prospects or will he find himself in a dead-end job — a job uncongenial, unsuitable and uncertain?

Your lad's design for living needs your help. You can lay the foundation stones of his future success now — by saving. Save regularly each week. Save till it hurts — and each week save more than you saved the week before! Cut down your spending even on "necessities". Every penny buys guns, planes, tanks and ships to-day: every penny will help your lad's position in the exciting world of To-morrow.

**Secure to-morrow
by saving to-day**

Savings Bonds. National War Bonds. Defence Bonds.
National Savings Certificates. Post Office and Trustee Savings Banks.

Issued by The National Savings Committee

The Importance of Ovaltine Sleep



AT this time, when most men and women are making their greatest effort in the National cause, the need for regular nights of restorative sleep is all-important.

For this reason countless thousands make delicious 'Ovaltine' their nightly bedtime beverage. This scientific concentration of Nature's best foods not only helps to induce sleep, but provides valuable nutritive properties which assist in making your sleep more completely refreshing to body, brain and nerves.

Enjoy the unique advantages of 'Ovaltine' Sleep from tonight. See how completely rested you feel in the morning, and with what vigour and confidence you begin the day's work.

P 596 A

*Remember -
Ovaltine Sleep is
Restorative Sleep*

LONDON
OCTOBER 21, 1942

THE TATLER

and BYSTANDER

Price:
One Shilling and Sixpence
Vol. CLXVI. No. 2156

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 1½d.



Dorothy Wilding

The Hon. Mrs. Philip Kindersley and Nicolette

The Hon. Mrs. Philip Kindersley is the younger of the two pretty daughters of the Hon. Gerald French, brother of the Earl of Ypres, and her sister is Mrs. Vyvyan Drury. Her marriage to Lord Kindersley's younger son took place in 1936, and her daughter, Nicolette Leila, who is a goddaughter of Mr. Anthony Eden, was born three years later. Mrs. Kindersley has a son by her previous marriage to Lord Brougham and Vaux. Captain Philip Kindersley is in the Coldstream Guards. His father, formerly Sir Robert Kindersley, is President of the National Savings Committee, and was created a Baron last year



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Britain's Leadership

IT will ever be to the glory of these islands and this Empire that we stood alone for one whole year and gained time for the good cause to arm, to organise, and slowly bring the conjoined, united, irresistible forces of the outraged civilisation to bear upon the criminals. That is our greatest glory." These are the words of the Prime Minister, spoken in Edinburgh, where he received the Freedom of the City. They are true, stirring words. He might have added that Britain went to war before she was attacked because her principles were assaulted. Indeed, Mr. Churchill's speech might have been a reply to the foolish, ridiculous, shallow, cheap, blind and non-sensical Open Letter to England which appeared in the American magazine *Life* the other day. *Life* is a new magazine. If this is the measure of its editorial balance it seems scarcely to have grown up. The proprietor is Mr. Henry Luce. His wife is Miss Clare Booth, playwright and peripatetic journalist. Both have been given facilities by the British Government to learn at first hand the inside of British policy and of the British war effort. Mr. Brendan Bracken, the Minister of Information, made Mr. Henry Luce one of the favoured few when he visited London some months ago. Mr. Luce was ushered into the presence of the Prime Minister. Mrs. Luce was given remarkable facilities when she visited the Middle East front and then went to India and to Burma. Now we are told by Mr. Luce's paper that we might lose American support if we don't drop

the principle of fighting for the British Empire. There's only one satisfactory thing about this business and that is the way the slick editors of *Life* have been attacked from one end of the United States to the other. In London, the representatives of *Life* have issued statements, and given further explanations. Even so, we do not know what was behind the article. To some people it appeared almost a Hitlerian stunt. We do know that Mr. Henry Luce is a politician at heart, if somewhat inexperienced. It may be that on this occasion his ambition and his judgment ran away with him. In which case all we can say is that's *life*.

All-round Achievements

LET us repeat. This country stood firm as the doom of Dunkirk became apparent. This country steeled itself through the greatest blitz. This country fought on alone. Even the mighty United States despaired of our chances of survival. The Russians were not then our allies. But the people of this country, true to the principles which are now criticised by *Life*, fought on. We have nothing to be ashamed of. Our war production is now claimed by Whitehall to be highest per man in the whole world. Our Air Force is spread over the whole world, adding laurels to those it won in the victorious Battle of Britain. Our Navy has kept the seas open to the advantage of several nations, Soviet Russia among them. Our Army has fought many rearguard actions, but is still intact and poised to strike the mortal



Bertram

New Judge of the High Court

Mr. Gonne St. Clair Pilcher, K.C., has been appointed a judge of the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division of the High Court, in place of the late Mr. Justice Langton. He became a K.C. in 1936, and an officer attached to the War Office since the war

blow. Moreover, we have maintained, improved and increased our health services. Our municipal organisations have stood up to the greatest strain the world has ever known, and have strengthened themselves thereby. Class prejudices have largely disappeared. There's greater equality between man and man, and family and family than there's ever been in this country, or indeed in any country in the world. Don't let us be stampeded from the just recognition of our achievements because they are truly British achievements.

Grand Man's Tribute

THESE thoughts came to me as I read of the arrival in London of Field Marshal Smuts, once our enemy and now our tried and trusted friend. His tribute to us was quiet and graceful. He said that he was deeply moved to be back once more in the midst of "this wise and great-hearted people." I think the fact that Field Marshal Smuts made the journey from South Africa is significant on two points. First, that South Africa is in good fettle and that the political situation is settled. Secondly, that we are certainly considering a switch from the defensive to the offensive. It has been recalled that Field Marshal Smuts came to London at an important stage in the last war. This was in 1917, and after a meeting of the Imperial Conference attended by all Dominion Prime Ministers, Smuts stayed on at the request of Mr. Lloyd George. He became a great asset in all deliberations about the war. His influence on all types of people—statesmen, politicians, civil servants, ordinary workers—was so remarkable that he became a legend in Whitehall. I have heard Ministers in this war mention his name with reverence. He is certainly the grand old man of the British Empire. At seventy-two he is physically alert, mentally astute, and politically wise. None can doubt that whatever decisions have been, or will be, made by the War Cabinet, Field Marshal Smuts is the man to spur them forward with even greater intensity.



The Dean Visits Felstead School

When the Dean of Canterbury visited Felstead School at Goodrich Court, Ross-on-Wye, the boys wore their wartime corduroy shorts and windproof jackets. They have discarded their usual black clothes for the duration. The Very Rev. Hewlitt Johnson, who has been Dean of Canterbury since 1931, gave a lecture on Modern Russia, and walked in the grounds with the Headmaster and some of the pupils



Arrival from Japan

Sir Robert and Lady Craigie were the first to step ashore when two shiploads of repatriated British and Allied nationals arrived from the Far East. Sir Robert has been British Ambassador to Japan since 1937. His eighteen-year-old son, Robert, arrived home by the same ship.

Hitler's Chains

For years Hitler has kept the minds of all Germans in chains. They have been the most shackled of all people in this modern age. About this manacle there is something medieval and, therefore, it was natural that free men everywhere would react violently to the latest Nazi stunt. Their first reaction was to retaliate and shackle the limbs of a number of German prisoners equal to those manacled by Hitler. Most people now realise that this

was the wrong way to deal with Hitler's medieval mind. The best thing would have been to have accepted, but deplored his decision; to have isolated him before all men as a fiend and a brute. But that's being wise after the event. There were some members of the War Cabinet, however, who saw it clearly in this light. They realised at once that we couldn't join in a shackling race because Hitler had more of our prisoners. Eventually, these Ministers found their views prevailing and a compromise has been sought. Was this the very thing that Hitler wanted? Did he want us to ask him to desist so that he could display the magnanimity of his military mind? So many theories have been advanced for the shackling, and it must not be forgotten that this is the second time he has tried it on. We can be sure that there's some purpose in it; it's not just blind anger. There's a foul purpose, or some cunning scheme behind it all.

Hitler's Dilemma

It may not be far from the truth to say that Hitler is enduring his biggest dilemma. Here is the great aggressive Nazi admitting to the world—but not to his own people—that he is about to go on the defensive. Here is the Nazi bully who gives the cringing Laval yet another fourteen days to find the 120,000 French slaves who have so far refused to help the Germans. It doesn't make sense, if one studies Hitler's past politics and policies. There's a catch somewhere. I cannot bring myself to believe that Hitler will sit on the defensive, or could sit on the defensive if he wished to. It would be too much of a risk to sit down with all those who have suffered with him while British and American machines bomb the daylight out of Germany. Therefore, the only assumption can be that Hitler is attempting to sow fresh confusion in our minds by giving the impression that he is in search of a compromise peace. I've no doubt that Germans of all classes would jump for joy at the remotest chance of negotiation; but I don't believe Hitler would. There's no future for him in compromise. We saw that at Munich. He doesn't compromise. He only pretends to do so.

Unshackling China

SIMULTANEOUSLY Britain and the United States have told Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek that forthwith they abandon all the extra-territorial rights which they have enjoyed in China for upwards of a hundred years. A new treaty putting the trade relations of the three countries on a new basis is to be negotiated. It is no good pretending that this sudden development has been brought about without pressure. The Generalissimo is a hard bargainer and persistent politician. More than once in the last fifteen years Britain has declared her intention to forgo her rights in China to satisfy natural Chinese ambitions. Soon after the war started the Government decided that with the end of hostilities they would formally announce their renunciation of these rights. Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek was aware of this, but it did not satisfy his immediate aspirations. Obviously, Mr. Wendell Willkie was made fully aware of the Generalissimo's feelings when he was in China. This caused him to make the statement at Chungking about the Atlantic Charter not having the full support of all signatories, and his insistence that China should be freed from all foreign intervention at once. Neither Mr. Willkie nor Chiang Kai-shek could have been aware that they were trying to force an open door. The Prime Minister and the President had, some time ago, agreed to announce their intentions on the tenth day of the tenth month, which is the anniversary of the Chinese Republic.



The Lieutenant-Governor of Malta

While on a visit to London from Malta, where he is Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Edward Jackson, accompanied by Lady Jackson, went one day to the Ministry of Information, where this picture was taken. He was previously legal secretary to the Governor of Malta, and became Lieutenant-Governor in 1940.

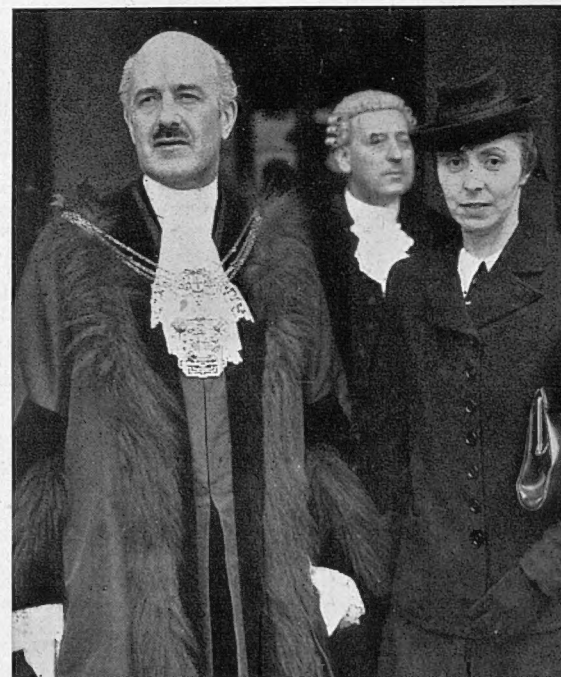


Visiting the Home Fleet

During a recent visit to the Home Fleet, Mr. Winston Churchill was photographed on board a battleship with Sir Stafford Cripps and Admiral Sir John Tovey, C-in-C. the Home Fleet. Hundreds of men heard the Prime Minister speak, when he paid tribute to the work done by men of the convoys.

Home Guard

UNDER relentless pressure, Sir James Grigg, the War Minister, has had to give his consent to the enrolment of women in the Home Guard. But he has made one stipulation: they will be non-combatant; they will not be allowed to use firearms. Instead, they will be asked to cook, take telephone messages and write letters. In other words, it will be just home from home for those women who join the Home Guard.



London's Lord Mayor-Elect

Sir Samuel Joseph, the Lord Mayor-Elect, was received by the Lord Chancellor, who conveyed the King's approval of his election, at the House of Lords recently. Sir Samuel, seen here with his wife, has been Alderman of Portsoken, since 1933, and was knighted in 1934.

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Cagney and Gabin

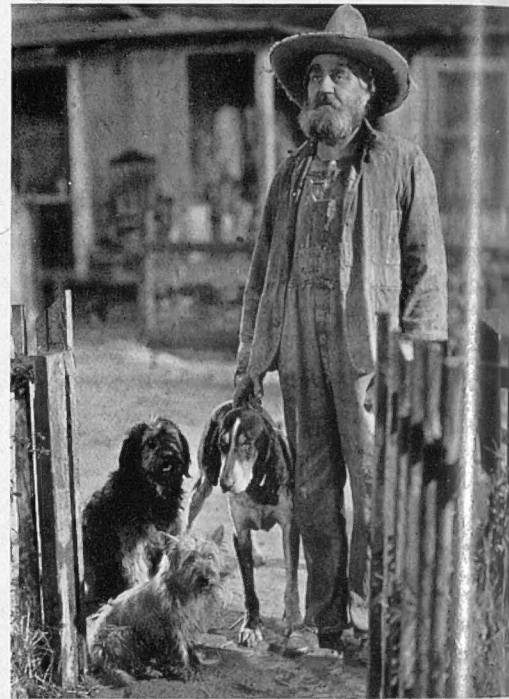
By James Agate

WHENEVER I arrange to meet a friend at a trade show and he awaits me in the foyer of the picture-house, it amuses him, or so he tells me, to watch the members of the audience trooping in. And, believe you him, they vary according to the nature of the film they are going to see. When some intellectual, symbolical and highly psychological film is promised he sees beves of be-corduroyed young men who should, obviously, be in the Army, and masses of be-trousered young women who should be doing something useful in a factory. The arrival of troops, convoyed by the Navy and the Air Force, means, of course, that the film is concerned with the Services. And when one sees crowds of well-dressed folk eagerly pushing their way into the hall before half-past ten in the morning, then one knows

author, composer and manager, George Michael Cohan, a galvanic, dynamic, volcanic broth-of-a-boy if ever there was one. In case the name is less familiar on this side of the Atlantic than it is on the other, let me remind readers that the war song "Over There," to which our Allies marched through France in triumph in the last war, and which is still heard wherever American soldiers forgather, was composed by George Michael, inspired, so the film tells us, by the army trumpet-call. And let me tell you, my good Chelsea Caryls and Bloomsbury Basyls that "Over There" is one of the most rousing, inspiring, heart-and-nerve stimulating tunes that ever came from a patriot's pen. Alas, that the slack rhythms of this war have produced nothing one hundredth part as fine and as stirring.

he is the owner of several theatres, a large farm, and is, as they say, rich beyond the dreams of avarice. We see him making over half his property to his old father on his sixty-second birthday, and when father reads the letter at the lavish party provided by George, mother starts sobbing. "She always steals my scene," groans father with an Irish twinkle in his eye. For you are to believe that the Cohans are the purest Irish. And so, for all I know, they are! But their name must have worried many, a compositor in his time.

WELL, reader dear, go and see it. I promise you two hours and twenty minutes of laughter, pathos, fun, tip-top acting and a picture of the 'eighties and the 'nineties and the early part of this century which will find the young incredulous and leave the elderly nostalgic. Maybe you won't find George's music, apart from the march tune mentioned above, any great shakes; you may wonder at the success of a man who made such fabulous success out of tunes—and words—which no publisher nowadays would consider for one minute. But there it is, fashions change, and



Spencer Tracy, Hedy Lamarr, John Garfield and Frank Morgan in "Tortilla Flat"

Tortilla Flat was written by John "Grapes of Wrath" Steinbeck. It tells the story of lazy simple-hearted Mexican people who spend their days shuffling round, their sole objective the planning of easy schemes which will provide free meals. The lovable and sly Pilon (Spencer Tracy), Pablo (Akim Tamiroff), his crony, and Danny (John Garfield), are three friends. Danny is left two houses on Tortilla Flat by his grandfather. The three friends move in and Danny, proud of his unexpected affluence, proceeds to woo the beautiful Sweets Ramirez (Hedy Lamarr). Sweets will have none of him at first. The three

friends are joined in their house by the Pirate (Frank Morgan), hitherto a hermit who has lived alone with his five dogs and is suspected of hoarding treasure. Pirate's dogs, whose endearing performances will touch the heart of every animal lover; the stormy passage of Danny and Sweets's love affair which entails a serious accident to Danny before the final happy ending; the loss of Danny's houses by burning; all these episodes combine to make *Tortilla Flat* a film worthy of its distinguished cast, its director Victor Fleming and its author, John Steinbeck. It is at the Empire, Leicester Square, now

that the film is going to be one of those full-length biographies of the Great Ziegfeld, the marvellous Anna Held, or the Amazing Frohman.

WAITING—for I, too, sometimes wait—in the somewhat exiguous entrance-hall to Studio One I concluded that the cataclysmic onrush of smart hats could only betoken another such biography. From the title, *Yankee Doodle Dandy*, I could glean nothing, save perhaps that it was unlikely to be a grim drama of Strindbergian cast. The "literature" presented by the gracious management on these occasions was not yet available, so in a pleasant state of expectant curiosity I awaited the unfolding of the theme. Not long was I left in doubt. It was to be the life-story of that actor, dramatic

Yankee Doodle Dandy, let me say at once, is a first-class entertainment. It has hardly any story and no plot, but it holds you from beginning to end in fascinated attention. Why? One spectator can answer. Because it is steeped and soaked in the atmosphere of the theatre. Not, perhaps, the "high legitimate" theatre of the Mansfields and the Barrymores, but the honest-to-goodness, comradely, never-know-when-you're-going-to-get-the-sack-theatre of those vaudeville, musical comedy and music-hall artists who, like their non-theatrical counterparts in ordinary life, may be dubbed the middle and lower middle classes of their profession. Here, in this film, we see the Cohans working for years as a quartet, father, mother, sister and brother George. We watch George mount higher and higher until, at last,

there are many left still who would rather listen to these old-fashioned four-square tunes, each one plain as a pikestaff, than endure the monstrosities and cacophonies of latter-day jazz-cum-swing.

Needless to say, James Cagney's George dominates the film. His rôle is a huge one, he is hardly ever off the screen, and his performance is a dizzy parade of singing, dancing, mimicking, acting and coddling. He is supported by a cast of excellent performers, amongst whom I single out for special praise Walter Huston as father, Irene Manning as the great star (and, *mirabile dictu*, with a fine voice) Fay Templeton, and one S. Z. Sakall who contributes a fine bit of genuine comedy. But all are good, and Michael Curtiz's production is slickness and efficiency itself.

ALL honour to Jean Gabin for escaping from the Nazi net and getting himself safely to Hollywood. But art, even the low form of film art, has strange ways. That a symphony should be written round, and in the thick of, the defence of Stalingrad, does not make it a good symphony. And the fact that *Moontide* (Odeon) is the first film of the patriot Gabin does not make it a good picture. To begin with, it is obviously a hybrid like a Havana cigar assembled in Liverpool or a claret concocted at Stoke Newington. One would have thought that Hollywood had more brains than to imagine it could make a French film by getting hold of a famous French actor and using Hollywood celebrities as support. The story—about a labourer with strong hands and fits of epileptic rage whereby he kills people and is blackmailed in perpetuity—is a mixture of *La Bête Humaine* and *Of Mice and Men*, and is not as good as either. In the upshot, Gabin turns on his blackmailer and kills him without laying hands on him. After which he takes in his arms Ida Lupino, who has broken her back in defence of her honour, and carries her to a fisherman's hut as obviously faked as the story, which, I am afraid, was doomed from the beginning. I think perhaps it might have been all right if Gabin and Thomas Mitchell had been left to fight it out alone. What ruins the picture was the unexplained presence of Claude Rains, so good when he is in the right film, but putting the lid on this one with his precise English accent and improbable delineation of a waterfront "character." But why does most of the film happen in the dark? Perhaps this is Hollywood's idea of a French picture.

"Moontide"

Jean Gabin Makes His
First Hollywood Picture with
Ida Lupino

Jean Gabin, the famous French actor, was serving in the French Army when the Nazi regime of occupation began. He managed to escape and is now in California. *Moontide*, his first picture to be made in Hollywood, is directed by Archie Mayo and has just reached this country. It is at the Odeon, Leicester Square. Playing opposite Gabin is Ida Lupino in another highly dramatic role

The first meeting of Anna and Bobo is not a happy one. Anna hates the man who has pulled her from the sea and resents the fact that she must once more face life



Anna (Ida Lupino) a destitute waitress, is rescued from the sea by Bobo (Jean Gabin), a good-hearted dock-worker who sells bait for a living. Their chance meeting is the beginning of an ardent love affair which leads to their marriage. Incidentally, Hollywood has extended the time limit for a screen kiss especially for this great French actor—he is given ten seconds longer than any other artist

Tiny (Thomas Mitchell) dislikes Anna. He tries to frighten her by telling her that Bobo has killed a man but Anna sees through his scheming lies, and realises it is Tiny himself who is the killer

Bobo, maddened by Tiny's treachery, seeks to kill him, but Tiny, in his fear, falls over the breakwater and is beaten to death by the sea



The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

The Duke in Darkness (St. James's)

SHAKESPEARE apart (for musical comedy hardly counts) the costume play is rare these days; and historical drama, though at times in fashion, must always be out of date. At the moment it is unfashionable. This is not altogether due to the war, though when the times themselves are fraught with alarums and excursions, there is less need to evoke adventure from the past. The humours and heroics of active service may give excitement to current themes, but topicality is the rule. And even deliberately escapist plays are written in the idiom of the moment and clothed in prevailing fashions.

These conditions give to *The Duke in Darkness*, Patrick Hamilton's new play, which is an historical drama of the sixteenth-century civil wars in France, distinction and a handicap. It is in no sense a topical work, nor is its theme light-hearted. The dialogue is as innocent of epigram as of slang. It has flights of fancy, and passages poetical in pitch. The plot is escapist only in the literal sense, and leaves few loopholes through which the playgoer may find release from current anxieties.

Though one of Mr. Hamilton's previous plays, *Gaslight*, was a period piece, it took us no further back than the 'eighties, and, like its predecessor, *Rope*, showed us the workings of a mind under morbid stress. Only divination, therefore, would have led us to suspect that he had the stuff of this somewhat stony drama in him.

These two earlier plays were accomplished essays in suspense, and were unashamedly theatrical. Their plots created tension; the writing was good; and each had character parts in which distinguished actors stretched themselves accordingly. In comparison with them, *The Duke in Darkness* seems almost academic; as it were a set piece of pyrotechnics after a salvo of rockets.

WHEN the curtain rises on that formidable "room in the Chateau Lamorre," which Ernest Stern has designed with such impressive realism, any prejudice one may have against costume drama earlier than Queen Anne receives strong support. This scene is grim. It is full of Gothic atmosphere. Groined vault and sheer solidity are hope's antitheses, and a perfect setting to the play. This prison has the implacable strength of doom, which the open balcony, poised above dizzy space, reinforces. No need to inscribe on these stone walls the tag: "Abandon hope!"; for that would be tautology.

The two chief characters, the captive Duke

Sketches by
Tom Titt



The usurping Duke of Lamorre (Walter Fitzgerald) finds comfort in the sickly flattery of his sycophanting friend, the Count d'Aublaye (Richmond Nairne)



Gribaud's devotion to his master has brought him to madness. Michael Redgrave, who also directed the production, gives, as Gribaud, the most moving performance of his career to date

of Latteraine, and Gribaud, his faithful henchman, are discovered, like moths in a disused fabric, mouldering on day-beds in the shadows. Companions in adversity, for fifteen years they have known no other habitation than this in which they rot, seen no other company than their jailers. (In sixteenth-century costume drama, duration can be vile indeed.)

THE play, like its setting, opens austere to show the difference in their natures and response to the strain of hope too long deferred. The Duke is still resilient, hopeful and resourceful. The making and perfecting of plans for escape constantly engross him. Gribaud, breaking in mind and body, shows tragic symptoms of the madness that presently flares up with the fluctuations of the fever in his blood. Delusions of grandeur alternate with whimpering despair. These are dismayingly ill-timed, since they make him not only a pitiful responsibility, but a menace to the plans for escape which at last have the promise of success.

Though darkened for them, the prospect is lightened for us by a midnight visit from the evil Duke of Lamorre, their captor, who comes at dead of night, with dazzling candelabra and vicious popinjay, to taunt and, if expedient, to murder them. This over-upholstered, under-mannered dynast is a garish monster, whose appearance and behaviour Mr. Walter Fitzgerald's unctuously controlled performance does nothing to extenuate.

Thus heroics and histrionics give the primed plot its theatrical release, and open the way for Mr. Leslie Banks to combine Sydney Carton with D'Artagnan in nobility of impulse and action, and Mr. Michael Redgrave to complete, in death by a mercifully administered anodyne, the remarkable study in sublime misfortune which his Gribaud has brilliantly planned.

Thunder and lightning, Shakespearean in volume and echo, usher in these final scenes. The twittering of birds sweetens the offing, and the visible break of day animates the cloudy backcloth as this thorough but exhaustive essay in period heroics arrives at its poignant denouement, and the critic at his verdict: somewhat drab but not dishonourable fustian, cut on lines reminiscent of the Juvenile Theatre's immortal Skelt.



Unexpected support for the imprisoned Duke of Latteraine (Leslie Banks) comes from his warder Voulain (Hugh Burden). It is with Voulain's help that the Duke finally escapes, once more to command the loyal peoples and lead them in revolt against the ruthless Duke of Lamorre

"House of Regrets"

Peter Ustinov's Tchekovian Portrait
of White Russians in Exile



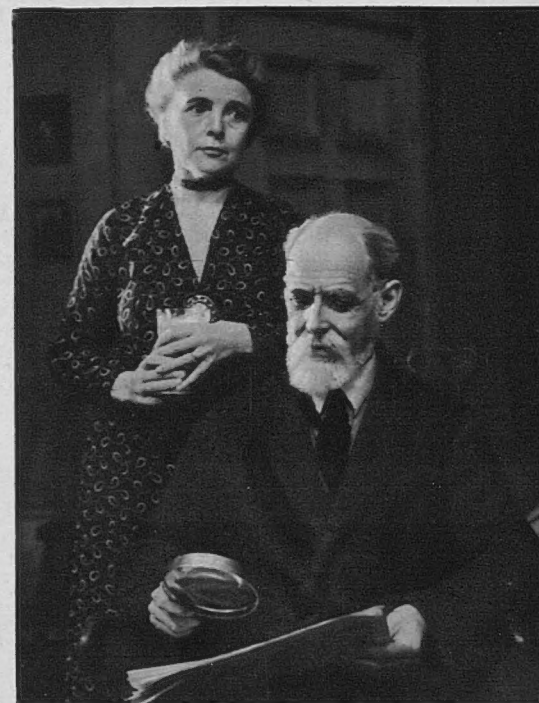
The eleven o'clock broadcast on Sunday, September 3rd, 1939, announcing Britain's declaration of war, brings joy to the heart of old General Andrei Cherevenko, late of the Imperial Russian Army (Max Adrian). He puts on his old uniform, in order to celebrate the outbreak of a war which he believes will free Russia from the Soviet regime

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



The Russians in exile celebrate Easter according to their national custom. Each member of the family is presented with an Easter egg with a small present inside. Tansmann, formerly of the Imperial Marinsky Theatre, breaks with tradition and offers a dance instead. (Noel Willman, David Bird, John Ruddock, Gibb McLaughlin, Miki Iveria, Susan Richards, Max Adrian)

The *House of Regrets* was written by Peter Ustinov when he was nineteen years of age. It is a truly remarkable piece of work, sufficient in itself to prove that here is a serious dramatist of importance. The play is a satirical comedy of White Russian family life in the restricted confines of a West Kensington flat. Peter Ustinov wrote the play while appearing in Herbert Farjeon's revue *Diversion* in 1940-41. He is a grand-nephew of Alexandre Benois, the designer for the Diaghilev ballet, and a son of Nadia Benois, the artist. He first became known as an actor by his impersonations of "Mme. Liselotte Beethoven Fink," "The Bishop of Limpopoland" and other exotic characters. *The House of Regrets* is his first play, and is being presented by the Arts Theatre Club



(Right) The Admiral (John Ruddock) and Mme. Barinova (Susan Richards) also listen to that famous broadcast. "Can one fly to Berlin in thirty-five minutes?" asks Mme. Barinova, a widow who runs the house



Marina (Lalage Lewis), the youngest of Mme. Barinova's three children, is studying at a school of dramatic art. She takes her work seriously. Breaking in on the family, gathered together for afternoon tea, she announces dramatically, "I have found love—socialist love"



Paul Barinova (Julian Dallas) is in the army. Home on leave, he tells the family of the new gun which is being issued. "Can it be fired on horseback?" the old General asks. (Christine Silver, Julian Dallas, Max Adrian, Susan Richards)

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

The Duke of Kent is Seven

THE young Duke of Kent celebrated his seventh birthday very quietly in the country with his mother and his aunt, Princess Olga. The Duchess is only gradually recovering from the shock of her husband's death, and the birthday, with its reminders of past days, was none too happy an occasion for her.

Prince Edward, as he continues to be known in the Royal Family, is a very sturdy youngster, with views of his own on a number of subjects. Just now, his pet amusement is cycling on a machine his father gave him a year ago, and, judging by the furious pedalling he puts in to get up speed, he has certainly inherited his father's love of rapid movement, and will probably follow him as a lover of fast sports cars.

Duke and Doughboy

ANOTHER Duke, this time a Scottish one, is the central figure of the latest American story. A party of U.S. staff officers drove up to the Duke of Buccleuch's mansion in a "station waggon"—utility car to you—prospecting for headquarters for an American unit. The officers entered the house, leaving the truck-driver, a native of Texas, who had never been outside his home State before the war, to wait for them outside. The Duke, who had been strolling in the grounds, came up a few minutes later and engaged the Texan in conversation.

After the usual questions about his reactions to this country, the young man from Texas asked one in his turn. "Say, Duke," said he, "did any of your folk ever settle back in the States?"

Recalling the history of his much-travelled family, the Duke agreed that it was certainly possible.

"Well, then, we've a couple of your relatives right in my own home town," proudly declared the U.S. soldier. "There's Elmer Duke, who keeps the drug store, and Silas Duke, who farms just outside."

Christmas "Austerity"

THOUGH it seems a long time to Christmas, the King and Queen have already decided that no Christmas cards will be sent this year, except to a few of their most intimate personal friends. The long lists of pre-war recipients of royal Christmas greetings were ruthlessly cut last Christmas, but this year there is to be a clear-cut rule that no one outside their immediate circle of friends shall receive cards. Queen Mary and other members of the Royal Family are following their Majesties' example.

The Windsor Meeting

A WET morning turned into a lovely sunny afternoon, though the wind was cold, for another Saturday at Windsor. There was an even bigger crowd than last time, probably due to later racing (they didn't start till 2.30 this time); also to the fact that there are only two more Saturdays' racing here this year.

His Majesty the King won a race during the afternoon with his nice two-year-old filly Sunblind, whom he has leased from the National Stud, as he did Big Game and Sun Chariot, who have now retired to stud. One of the first people I ran into was Sir Eric Ohlson, who had come down from the North, where he is such a good patron of racing. He has a very nice unbeaten two-year-old in training, the Myrobella colt, which is a half-brother to Big Game, who did so well for the King. Sir Eric was accompanied by Lord and Lady Zetland's three

daughters, Lady Vini Rogerson, Lady Jean Christie and Lady Viola Dundas.

Mrs. Thomas Clyde, Lord and Lady Gerald Wellesley's very pretty, fair-haired daughter, wearing a nice summer ermine coat, Mrs. Tower Clark, in a leopard coat and hat, and Miss Irene Mann Thompson, in a long mink coat, were out in the paddock early. Mrs. Bowes-Lyon, also in a fur coat, was talking to her sister, Mrs. Derek Parker Bowles, who was in a long red coat with a knitted red cap—they are the two daughters of Sir Humphrey and Lady of Trafford. Two others wearing smart knitted caps were Lady Milton and Lady Cunliffe-Owen; the former had a diamond racehorse in her name and Lady Cunliffe-Owen a pair of diamond clipper.

The Hon. Mrs. James Beck, in one of her favourite poke-bonnet hats, was having a drink with Mrs. Kenneth Wagg. The Hon. Dorothy Paget was accompanied by Miss Charlton, and both were delighted to see Miss Paget's Jamaica Inn win. The Duchess of Norfolk was chatting to Mrs. Fulke Walwyn, both regulars.

In the Paddock

LORD and Lady Sefton and Major and Mrs. Carlos Clarke were strolling around together. Lord Sefton is stationed quite near, so it is easy for him to get over, as it is for Lord Manton, who was with Lady Manton. After racing, I found Lord Manton very busy harnessing up the pony, and then they gave two friends a lift home. "Lucky" Jim Lawrence was greeting friends. Mr. Hugh Williams, the actor, in khaki, was accompanied by his lovely blonde wife, Dorothy Vyner. Miss Ghislaine Dresselhuys, hatless and looking very nice, was with a party of young friends, mostly in uniform. Others saw were Colonel and Mrs. Jack Speed, Lady Sybil Phipps, in pink, Mr. and Mrs. Eva Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Pat Lawrence (Moll du Pré that was), Miss Jane Clayton, the Hon. Mrs. Douglas Jones, the Hon. Mrs. Dermot Daly, Lady Long, Mrs. Michael Beary, Mrs. Peter Herbert, the Hon. Mrs. Aubrey Hastings, Mrs. Sutton, Mr. Herbert Blagrove, Captain Duncan Stewart, Lord Portarlington, Captain "Jumbo" Jolliffe, Lord Grimthorpe, Miss Violet de Worms, Lord Willoughby de Broke, Mr. George Beeby, who had another winner during the afternoon, Mr. Jack Anthony, Miss Effie Atherton, the newly-wed Mr. and Mrs. Peter Nelson, Mr. Anthony Gillson, and Mr. Bernard Hankey.



Bertram Park

Sir Charles and Lady Madden

Commander Sir Charles Madden, Bt., R.N., son of the late Admiral of the Fleet Sir Charles E. Madden, and of Lady Madden, married Miss Olive Robins in London. She is the daughter of the late Mr. G. W. Robins, and Mrs. Robins, of Cheshire



Frisby, Dorchester

A Wedding Group at Dorchester

Mr. Mark Williams and Miss Susan Churchill were married on October 10th at St. Peter's Church, Dorchester. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. P. Williams, of Bridehead, near Dorchester, and she is the only daughter of Cdr. and Mrs. K. B. M. Churchill, of Muston Manor, Dorchester. Above is the best man, Major Alec Williams, 60th Rifles, with the bride and bridegroom and the bridesmaid, Miss Honor Williams



Lady Selby and Her Son

Swaebe

Michael Guy John Gully, only son of Viscount and Viscountess Selby, was born in August, and was christened on October 10th in the Crypt Chapel of the House of Commons. Lord and Lady Selby, who were married in 1933, have two daughters, aged six and eight years. Lady Selby was formerly Miss Veronica Briscoe-George, daughter of the late Mr. J. George



Mrs. Robert Ducas, Pied Piper

Swaebe

Since the war Mrs. Robert Ducas has kept open house for her friends' children, as well as her own, at Stanton Fitzwarren, Wiltshire. Here she is seen with Henry Simpson, Jane Baker, Norman Hardy, Robert Ducas, Richard Baker and June Ducas. Robert and June are the children of her second marriage, and their father is at present in America. She has another son, James Hay, by her first husband

Chinese Exhibition

A MESSAGE from the Prime Minister prefaces the catalogue of the Chinese Exhibition (at 13, Lower Regent Street) in aid of the United Aid to China Fund. Mrs. Winston Churchill was there on the opening day, having come on from a celebration of Tennyson's centenary: her brother-in-law, Major Jack Churchill, was there early, admiring the few but beautifully arranged and quite lovely exhibits, all but two of which were loaned by Spink and Son.

Lady Cripps, whose fund is benefiting, was with Sir Stafford's sister, the Hon. Mrs. Egerton; Mrs. Clare Sheridan and her daughter, the Comtesse de Reneville, both tall and good-looking, with trenchant, charming personalities, were busy on behalf of the Exhibition. Distinguished visitors included the Marchioness of Willingdon, the Dowager Marchioness of Townshend, Mrs. Drexel Biddle, Captain Shane Leslie, in his Home Guard battle-dress; the Bishop of Hong Kong, who is shortly returning to China; Mr. Hume, the Chinese Minister of Information; Mr. Wong, also from the Chinese Embassy; Professor Ghanguli, an eminent Indian; Lady Cohen, and Mr. and Mrs. Oswald Birley—his attractive painting of a Chinese dancer hangs in the entrance-hall.

The exhibits include tapestry, paintings, screens, vases, bowls and ornaments of many dynasties. The earliest represented is the Chou, first phase, pre-tenth century B.C., with a deliciously shapely bronze food-vessel. There is some lovely jade; some carved peaches in a grey-green like lichen, a fluted bowl the grassier, clearer green; an incense-burner of white jade. Minutely detailed cloisonné, carved lacquer, opal and agate—all the colour and intricacy of Chinese art through its long history can be sampled in this single roomful of things.

Chinese Guests of Honour

THE Chinese Ambassador was to have been guest of honour at this month's reception to Allied officers at the Overseas League, but as he had departed for Chungking, his place was taken by Dr. Chen, the Councillor and Chargé d'Affaires, who was accompanied by members of the Embassy, and naval, military and air force staff, including the Air Attaché, who has personally shot down six Japanese planes.

Sir Jocelyn Lucas and Lady Rumbold received the guests, a second member of the committee, Lady Dorothy Hope-Morley, taking over when Lady Rumbold had to leave and catch a train. The Mexican Minister and the

Argentine and Brazilian Attachés were there for the first time, and, as usual, a large number of members of both Houses of Parliament, to meet the two hundred Allied officers who turned up. The Marquess of Willingdon, who is in the R.A.F., and whose mother has been chairman of the Overseas League since the death of his father last year, was there; Lord Saltoun, who was interned in Holland during the last war, talked to Dutch officers; the Greek Minister attended; the Archduke Robert of Austria; Lady Moore, the attractive wife of Sir Thomas Moore, M.P.; Sir Paul Dukes and Mr. Hore-Belisha, who were talking to Mrs. Bruce Belfrage, a member of the committee. Still more there were Lord Winster, Air Marshal Garrod,

Mr. and Mrs. Hare-Scott, Mrs. Sonia Jacobsen, a pretty Norwegian in Red Cross uniform, Lord Stansgate, in the R.A.F., and Lord Snell.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fisher (Violet Cressy-Marcks) came with an interesting guest, Mme. Legentilhomme, wife of the General. She has recently flown here from Brazzaville, and was the first Red Cross president in Djibouti; she was the centre of interested friends at the party.

Good-bye to All That

It is very sad to think that Major Jack Paget is going to sell his lovely Roehampton home, Ibstock Place. The contents went for auction on the 20th of this month. Who does not remember the annual summer parties he and

(Concluded on page 88)



Lenarc

Miss R. M. L. Willson

Miss Rachel Mary Latimer Willson, daughter of Sir Walter and Lady Willson, of Kenward, Tonbridge, Kent, is to marry Mr. M. C. Thursby-Pelham, son of Captain and Mrs. N. C. Thursby-Pelham, of Meole Grange, Shrewsbury



Lenarc

Miss Suzanne Irwin

Another engagement is that of Miss Suzanne Irwin to Captain the Hon. David Woodhouse, The Royal Norfolk Regiment, son of Lord and Lady Terrington. She is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. T. S. Irwin. They will shortly be married

The Pulse of the Empire

The Colonial Office in Whitehall and
Some of the Men Who Direct the
Affairs of Our Colonial Empire



High ceilings, mosaic flooring
and statuary of the famous add
dignity to the long corridors

Left: the meeting of the Duke of
Wellington and Lord Nelson
shortly before the Battle of
Trafalgar is commemorated by
John Knight's painting of the
two heroes of land and sea

Photographs by
Pictorial Press



The Rt. Hon. Viscount Cranborne, P.C., Secretary of State for
the Colonies and Leader of the House of Lords, occupies a room
on the first floor. This "room of rare recollections," as Lord
Lloyd has called it, is one of the finest in Whitehall and is the
only room in the building which adheres to the original plans



Mr. G. E. J. Gent, C.M.G.,
D.S.O., O.B.E., is Assistant
Under-Secretary of State. He
is the Commander of the
Dominion and Colonial
Offices Home Guard



Mr. H. F. Downie, C.M.G., O.B.E., is
head of the West Indian Department of the
Colonial Office. With him is Mr. P. Rogers,
who assists him in this work, and was formerly
Private Secretary to Sir Cosmo Parkinson



Mr. T. I. K. Lloyd is head of the Defence
Department. One of the responsibilities
which this Department faces is the appli-
cation of the scorched earth policy in the
Colonies should ever the necessity arise



Sir William Battershill, K.C.M.G.,
as Deputy Under-Secretary of State, is
concerned with all matters dealt with by
Middle East, Pacific, Mediterranean
and West Indian Departments



Mr. Harold Macmillan is Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, and represents the Colonial Office in the House of Commons. Still in his early forties, Mr. Macmillan, who is a director of Macmillan and Co., and of the Great Western Railway, has represented Stockton-on-Tees in the House since 1924, with the exception of a short interval between 1929 and 1931

The headquarters of the greatest Colonial Empire the world has ever seen are in Downing Street, directly opposite the world-famous No. 10, official residence of the British Prime Minister. The building was planned in 1856 and designed by Sir Gilbert Scott—against his own will, but in deference to Lord Palmerston—in the Renaissance style, with symbolic statuary and decoration. On the first floor are the rooms of the Permanent Under-Secretary (at the present time Sir George Gater), where the portraits of Secretaries of State from far back in the eighteenth century up to the present day hang. Among these portraits there is one of Mr. Winston Churchill—he was Parliamentary Under-Secretary in 1906-8 and Secretary of State in 1920-21. In the library there is a full-rigged model of Capt. Scott's "Discovery," as well as quaintly-carved figures from all over the world, maps, books and pictures, all of which serve as a reminder that the Colonial Office is, after all, in spite of the chill welcome of its interior, the most romantic of all Government departments.



Sir George Gater, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., is the Permanent Under-Secretary of State. He returned to the Colonial Office from the Ministry of Home Security early this year to take the place of Sir Cosmo Parkinson, who was seconded for special duties on behalf of the Colonial Office



Mr. Noel J. B. Sabine is the Public Relations Officer. With him is Mr. Rudolph Dunbar, a native of British Guiana, who represents the Associated Negro Press of America and is a well-known musician. He recently conducted a concert at the Albert Hall



Mr. K. W. Blaxter is head of the Eastern Department which deals with Ceylon, Malaya, Hong Kong, North Borneo and Sarawak. Many of these territories are now in Japanese hands



Sir Cosmo Parkinson left his post as Permanent Under-Secretary in April last in order to undertake special duties. He is now available to visit the Colonies as the Secretary of State's personal representative, in order to permit closer contact between the Secretary of State and Colonial Governors. With him is his former Private Secretary, Mr. P. Rogers

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

A PROPOS the Grace Darling centenary, Auntie Times dug out an interesting news-item from her files of 1842. Apparently the modest heroine turned down flat a big offer from the eminent Mr. Yates, of the Adelphi Theatre, London, to star in a sensational melodrama built round her exploit.

Publicity being then in its infancy, Mr. Yates's whiskered and plaid-trousered publicity department seems to have chucked it in and put up no sure-fire alternative proposition. To-day they'd be going into feverish huddles, holding conference after conference.

"What's your angle, Joe?"

"Well look, Sam, what about maybe she'd do just a song-and-dance ensemble, I mean all the girls rowing boats and flags of all nations and boopadoop and what have you."

"That's a lousy angle, whaddya say, Izzy?"

"Well my angle is it's like this, Sam, I was reading in *Variety* where a Follies dame that shot up a guy she got hot publicity riding through town in a wheelbarrow with nothing on only a few feathers."

"Like hell we'd get away with that, like hell we would."

"Listen, maybe if she wore tights— Well, Ike?"

"Well, my angle is we should ought to keep evvything refined, I mean the old mother-angle and roses round the door and all that dope, I mean. Or maybe if we shot her from a gun."

Eventually an elaborate final scheme is worked out combining these features, Miss Darling turns it down bang, and the boys are fired by Mr. Yates and go into the big-time racket as Swiftsure Publicity Ltd., Public Relations Counsels, bending their massive brains to a campaign for launching Bingo for Bandy Legs.

Worker

NINETY-YEAR-OLD Mr. Louis N. Parker, who has had more than 100 plays produced on the British and Continental stage, as a gossip recorded on meeting him last week, has still a little leeway to make up before he approaches the all-time record, which is Lope de Vega's.

Lope's total is 1500 comedies, so far as is known. In his spare time he wrote verse and other things. A lot of his time was taken up also with naval service (he fought with the Armada) and making love to women, like most playwrights and sailors; and it's our theory that he jotted down most of his 1500 plays while waiting for girls to turn up at 7.30. Oh, Señor de Lope! A quarter to nine! Am I terribly late? Oh dear no, *mi alma*, I've only written four acts in verse and a couple of sonnets, you milk-faced baggage. Spanish chivalry forbade Lope's

striking the fribble (and anyway it was difficult in the days when women enclosed their dainty torsos in great cages of whalebone) but there may have been times when he begged the beloved between his teeth to beat it, having just arrived at the point where Felipe enters with Isabella's heart on a dagger, looking vaguely annoyed.

Afterthought

THIS theory, now we think of it, egad, explains all the bloody-mindedness of the minor Elizabethan dramatists, Webster, Tourneur and Co. Women kept them waiting and they saw red. Compare once more Browning's cry of rage when Miss Barratt chucked a luncheon-date at Prunier's:

Never the time, and the place, and the loved one all together!

Is there a Professor of Poetry in the house? Duck, boy.

Chum

THAT clique of London taxicab-drivers who hold the citizenry to ransom in blackouts is apparently being kept under



"Now, there's the desert, and here's the Mediterranean!"

close observation. It would be easier if every driver's name and photograph were stuck up on a plaque inside his cab, as in New York.

In this way you get quickly to know and love your taxi-driver, as we did Sam Horowitz, who drove us once to a Broadway theatre under protest, shrugging and saying his wife had seen the show and it was lousy. Shouting over his shoulder at regular intervals over the traffic-roar, Mr. Horowitz said hell, it was nothing to do with him, but the show was just plumb lousy. It had given Mrs. Horowitz the sick, apparently. If he was us, said Mr. Horowitz, he'd pick something good, the Music box or sumpn, not a show that was just lousy. Hell, a guy wanted to have a good time in New York, argued Mr. Horowitz, genuinely concerned. Mrs. Horowitz was no dope, at that. It was ten minutes of pure kindness and we left Mr. Horowitz wounded to death. You never get this swift cosy intimacy in London.

Posy

A PHOTOGRAPH of every London taxi-driver's family group in each cab would be the thing, perhaps. We are all, as somebody said, islands shouting across seas of misunderstanding. A timely remark such as "I see little Ivy gets her exotic beauty from you" might save countless citizens from mutilation and death.

Getaway

ONE of those 5864 gourd-heads who chatter and gabble about Democracy all day long took a nice purler recently over Poland, which he seemed to think was new to the idea, the patronising hound. Poland actually had democratic

(Concluded on page 78)



"I'm quite sure you'll like this one, Modom, we're selling absolutely masses of them"

Musical Comedy of the 'Nineties Revived in "The Belle of New York"

Miss Evelyn Laye as the Belle of 1942
Proves a Worthy Successor to Edna May

Forty-four years have passed since London first witnessed *The Belle of New York*, and a young American actress, Edna May, found a place for all time in the hearts of the British public. To the more sophisticated audiences of the present day, *The Belle of New York* at the Coliseum has as irresistible an appeal as ever, its familiar tunes as potent a charm. Miss Evelyn Laye is an enchanting actress with a lovely voice, and her first appearance—too long delayed, for she does not come on until the third scene—is awaited impatiently by her audiences. Miss Enid Stamp Taylor, with her brilliant smile and vivid vitality, is a perfect foil to the subtler charms of the Belle, while Marion Wilson, Jane Corda, Billy Danvers, Billy Tasker and Irving Kaye add their own not undistinguished talents to make this production a worthy successor to the original all-American presentation at the Shaftesbury in 1898



"They never proceed to follow the light, but always follow me!"
So sings the Belle of New York when, as a Salvation Army lass, she
moves among her devoted followers of the Bowery (Evelyn Laye)

Mamie Clancy (Jane Corda) and Blinky Bill M'Guirk (Irving
Kaye) are two of the Bowery kids. Evelyn Laye's father-in-law,
the late Frank Lawton, played the part of Blinky Bill in 1898



The much-married and bejewelled actress, Cora Angelique (Enid Stamp Taylor), finds a potential husband in the wealthy Ichabod Bronson (Billy Danvers). In the original presentation, the part of Cora was played by the mother of Rodney Acland, who is largely responsible for the 1942 revised version



Standing By ...

(Continued)

government many centuries ago, and even experienced thereby a flash of that comic relief which is so sadly lacking in the oratory of our Left Wing dumbos.

We refer to the Ruritanian film—farce episode of Henri de Valois, son of Catherine de Médicis, whom the Diet of the Polish Republic elected King in the 1570's. After a few months of democratic kingship this highly-cultured Renaissance pansy decided he didn't like it; so one summer night, strolling out of the palace at Cracow and telling the sentry he had a date with a lady, Henri of Poland jumped on a horse, rode hell-for-leather for the frontier with his suite, pursued after the alarm was given by a squadron of Polish cavalry which failed to catch him, and never came back. The Polish Diet, having drawn up a long list of things Henri was forbidden to do without their consent and made him sign on the dotted line, had overlooked a quick getaway, naturally assuming a Valois to be a gentleman. Their next choice, the warrior Stefan Báthory, who gave Ivan the Terrible such a woundy thrashing, shows that Democracy does not invariably bungle it and there is hope for us all, despite The 1941 Committee.

Ordeal

SOMEWHERE in England there is a nuthatch (*sitta europæa*) which will shortly pass through a spiritual and emotional experience few nuthatches enjoy, namely, being watched all winter closely by one of our leading Nature boys, who announced this decision in print last week.

When not tapping holes in nuts the nuthatch enjoys tapping its beak against dead boughs, just to amuse itself (and God knows this may amuse a nuthatch as much as a *Punch* joke amuses an archdeacon). To be steadfastly watched by a pair of chilly blue eyes while indulging in quiet fun like this would lead us eventually, if we were a nuthatch under observation by a Nature boy, to pause, wipe our beak carefully, and address a sudden disconcerting remark to our observer, who presumably speaks birdie-language, thus:

"Remember what Oscar Wilde said about the typical British face?"

"Eh?"

"Once seen, never remembered."

"I'm afraid I don't quite follow."

"Never mind. My wife reminded me of it to-day. She's been observing you a lot recently."

"Observing me?"

"Lord, yes. Every nuthatch within five miles is observing you. Laugh! Every time you stick your beak into that white rag you carry the boys nearly fall off the bough. What d'you do it for—fun?"

A friendly discussion then arises as to whether tapping a dead bough for fun is more cockeyed than a cold in the head, and after a thorough exchange of ideas on the subject nuthatch and Nature boy part on the best of terms, and observe each other henceforth with roars of laughter.

Mammonia

BROKERS on Cairo Stock Exchange are howling like wild animals as prices rise, the *Daily Express* Cairo correspondent reports, and that boy should know a howl when he hears one.

On sunny afternoons in Paris we often used to listen to the nightmare jungle-noises on the steps of the Bourse. We have also listened with care to the deep sinister baying or blood-note of Capel Court, and have watched the great Contango Day, or Mammon Festival in the City, when the stock-brokers march ten abreast, naked to the waist and gashing themselves with knives, like the Moharram fanatics of the East, whose massed wail of "*Ya Hassan! Ya Hussein!*" is no more terrifying than the moaning City chant "Sell out, sell out, sell out at 48!" The Cairo brokers seem to be light tenors, the mere soubrettes of Mammon. We doubt if they tear passing women to pieces, as frequently happens in Capel Court during a gold-lust frenzy.



"I want to consult you about my Fuel Target"

Looksee

A COMIC example of his cockeyedness occurred at the beginning of the war, when a Fleet Street gossip-boy got into a bus and was impressed by the set, grim, determined-to-see-it-through wartime expression of the British populace. What was probably the truth was that of six given citizens in that bus, A was glooming over a false blonde, B over the winner of the 6.30, C over his liver, D over some petty cash he'd swiped, E over a bigamous marriage, and F had a grim pan anyway, having been born in Aberdeen.

How various (as a modern thinker has observed) is man! How multiplied his experience, his outlook, his conclusions! Tell Mumsie we're studying the human race and may be late for dinner.

Point

COMPLAINING that she can't get size 8 shoes, a girl remarked to one of the dailies recently: "It's no disgrace to be tall!" Which is true, but seems to us to miss the point which is one of convenience.

Petite girls when they become tiresome can be put straight into boxes. Very big girls are difficult to fold and the disposal of their feet is a problem, as Chopin discovered when trying to pack George Sand neatly into the grand pianoforte after a tiff at Majorca. "The old dogs will defy you yet, *petit cœur*," taunted the big girl as Chopin petulantly slammed down the lid; and she was right. The first thing strangers said on entering the room was "Whose feet?" Chopin made an indifferent gesture and the conversation turned to other matters.

In the sequel to that ancient tearjerker *The Mistletoe Bough*, you remember, another bride gets locked (by accident or otherwise) in the old oak chest. This time the bridegroom, having deliberately married a Wimbledon tennis queen after the late mishap, knows it's all right, apart from a bit of roaring, and has time for another round of golf.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Perhaps you've made a mistake—
my name isn't Buddy"

Family Portraits



L. & M. Studios, Alnwick

The Hon. Mrs. Richard Taylor and her sons, Simon and Sandy, live at Flodden House, Milfield, Northumberland. She was formerly the Hon. Sylvia Joicey, second daughter of the late Lord Joicey, of Ford Castle, Northumberland, and married in 1934 Major Richard Taylor, eldest son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. T. G. Taylor, of Chipchase Castle, Northumberland. Major Taylor is in the Northumberland Hussars, and was recently awarded the D.S.O. for gallantry in the Middle East



Debenhams Longman

Lieut. and Mrs. Ian Hamilton-Smith were photographed with their eight-months-old son, Anthony. Mr. Hamilton-Smith, who is in the Gordon Highlanders, is the son of the late Hon. F. H. Hamilton-Smith, and of Mrs. Hardy-Smith. He is the grandson of Lord Colwyn, to whom he is heir. Mrs. Hamilton-Smith was Miss Miriam Ferguson, and is the daughter of Mr. V. B. Ferguson, of Cheltenham



Compton Collier

Mrs. Gerald Heathcoat-Amory, wife of Captain Gerald Heathcoat-Amory, the Royal Devon Yeomanry, youngest son of the late Major Ludovic Heathcoat-Amory, and Mrs. Heathcoat-Amory, of Chevithorne Barton, Tiverton, was Miss Sonia Denison before her marriage in 1940. She is the only daughter of Commodore E. C. Denison, M.V.O., R.N., Lord Londesborough's heir-presumptive, at whose home, Coke's House, Pulborough, this picture was taken. Her son Michael was born last year



Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Mrs. D. R. Skinner is the wife of Lieut.-Colonel Denzil Robert Skinner, R.A.C., and was before her marriage in January 1935 Miss Myrtle Benn, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. John Pierce Benn, of Woodside, Camberley. While her husband, who is a tank expert, is abroad, Mrs. Skinner lives at Heatherlands, Camberley, where she was photographed with her son, Geoffrey, who is eight months old



Gribaud: "The sixteenth winter, my lord. The sixteenth winter."
The Duke of Latteraine and his faithful servant, Gribaud, have shared the horrors of captivity for fifteen years. Once again they face the winter. The Duke, who has never despaired of deliverance, finds strength in his faith, but his servant, less finely tempered, is going mad. He vacillates between transports of love and a dangerous hatred of his master (Michael Redgrave, Leslie Banks)



d'Aublaye: "You do better than burn—you rot!"
For five years the Duke has feigned blindness, thereby keeping the usurping Duke of Lamorre, fearful of growing unrest, from discovering that the blindness of his prisoner is a genuine infirmity. d'Aublaye, to trick the Duke of Latteraine into giving him

"The Duke in Darkness"

Patrick Hamilton, Author of "Rope" and "Gaslight," Has Written Another Fine Play in Which Leslie Banks and Michael Redgrave Co-star

For his new play, *The Duke in Darkness*, now at St. James's Theatre, Patrick Hamilton has chosen a background of mediæval France. The Duke of Latteraine, bathing by moonlight in a forest pool, accompanied only by his personal servant, is captured by a neighbouring Duke. Fifteen years of captivity follow. When the play opens, the sixteenth winter approaches. The effect of captivity on the two men—the one born to lead, schooled in discipline, the other untutored in mind and body—is finely emphasised. The one survives, to be rescued and again take up his rightful place as a leader of men; the other dies. The play provides fine acting parts, and full advantage of them is taken by the cast. Leslie Banks, Michael Redgrave (who also directed the play), Hugh Burden and Walter Fitzgerald are outstanding in the performances they give



The Duke: "Trust me, Gribaud, I am your friend. This will make you cool."
Madness has blotted out the mind and soul of poor Gribaud. Overhearing his master's plans to escape, he demands to be taken before the King, that he may tell all he knows and thereby be exalted to high rank. Persuaded of the danger Gribaud presents to his person, the Duke gives his servant a poisoned drink (Leslie Banks, Hugh Burden, Michael Redgrave)

Photographs by
John Vickers

The
people
favourite
and
best



"In your eyes; soon you shall rot elsewhere"
ing to induce a state of lethargy in his warders.
among the people, is anxious to assure himself
and sets his effeminate satellite, the Count
elf away (Richmond Nairne, Leslie Banks)



Voulain: "Poor Gribaud. . . . Yes, he is well"
Gribaud is dead—it is a merciful release. The demented wanderings of his mind are quiet. Once more he
feels the cool rain on his cheeks as he did when, as a clerk of little importance, he walked the streets and
country-side at will. Voulain, the warder and newly-found friend of his master's, covers his face with the
blanket which has for so long served as sole cover against the winter's blast (Hugh Burden, Michael Redgrave)



eping Duke of Lamorre, uneasy at the continued murmurings of the
uys a nocturnal visit to the prison chambers, accompanied by his
the Count d'Aublaye. Sumptuously clad, he vaunts his power,
pts to provoke his unfortunate prisoner into a madness which will
plans (Fred Groves, Hugh Burden, Richmond Nairne, Walter Fitzgerald)



Duke: "Have no fear, gentlemen. Follow me!"
The body of Gribaud, found in the courtyard, creates a frenzy of fear among
the prison warders. Their confusion gives the imprisoned Duke his
opportunity to escape. Four of his followers are ready to lead him to the spot
where his men, fully armed, await his leadership (Charles Deane, Leslie Banks,
Humphrey Heathcote, Spencer Moore. In the foreground, Hugh Burden)

*Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.*

Minister of Agriculture: Mr. R. S. Hudson

The Rt. Hon. Robert Spear Hudson, P.C., M.P., became Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries in 1940, and under his able leadership British agricultural production is steadily increasing. Representing Southport in the House of Commons since 1931, he has held ministerial posts as Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministries of Labour and Health, Minister of Pensions, Secretary to the Department of Overseas Trade, and, before his present appointment, was Minister of Shipping. At Oxford, Mr. Hudson got a First in History, and, incidentally, captained the University polo team. In 1911 he entered the Diplomatic Service, and went as Attaché to St. Petersburg, leaving there in 1914 to join the Army. In 1915 he was posted to the British Embassy in Washington, and while there he married Miss Hannah Randolph, of Philadelphia. In 1924 he gave up his Diplomatic career in favour of politics. Mr. Hudson works at high pressure, and has visited every county in England at least twice, to see for himself how things are going on

First in Action

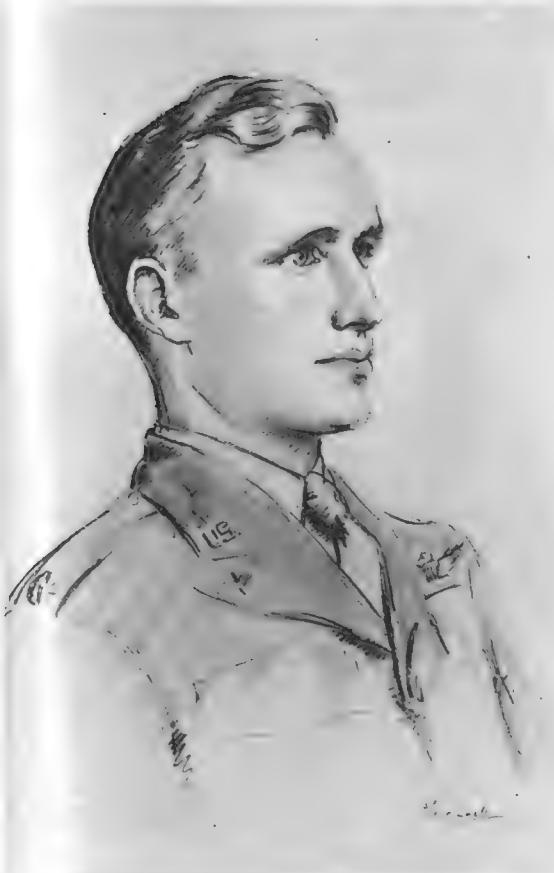
Leaders of an American Fighter Group



Major M. L. McNickle came to England some months before America entered the war, as an observer for the United States Army Air Force. He is now a Squadron Leader in an American Fighter Group. He has a twin brother, whom he closely resembles, at the American Embassy in London, and the two are known as "Marv and Mel." Major McNickle, who is twenty-eight, comes from Doland, South Dakota, and graduated from flying school in 1937



Lieut.-Colonel Fred M. Dean, at the age of twenty-six, was the first Wing Leader to be appointed by the U.S. Air Corps, and holds the rank corresponding to Wing Commander in the R.A.F. His home is St. Petersburg, Florida, and he trained at the U.S. Military Academy, West Point, graduating in 1938. He now serves, under Col. Hawkins, with the first American fighter group to see action over here



Left: Major Harrison R. Thyng was born in Tacoma, New Hampshire, twenty-four years ago, and has flown 1100 hours. While in action over a Channel convoy, he destroyed a Ju. 88 and, like his fellow Squadron Commanders in this page, he took part in the raid on Dieppe. The aircraft he prefers to fly is a Spitfire

Right: Colonel J. R. Hawkins, Senior Group Commander of the United States Army Air Corps, and the first fighter group commander to go into action in Europe, trained at West Point, and has done over 5300 flying hours. He was a graduate of the Command and General Staff School and the Air Corps Tactical School, and his home is Prescott, Arkansas. Colonel Hawkins is known in the Service as "Shorty"



Major Harrison R. Thyng

Colonel J. R. Hawkins

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Hohenzollern and Paperhanger

FROM *German Atrocities: An Official Investigation*. By J. H. Morgan, M.A., late Home Office Commissioner with the British Expeditionary Force, 1914-1918.

The Germans have broken all laws, human and divine, and not even the ancient Freemasonry of arms, whose honourable traditions are almost as old as war itself, has restrained them in their brutal and licentious fury. It is useless to attempt to discriminate between the people and their rulers: an abundance of diaries of soldiers in the ranks shows that all are infected with a common spirit. That spirit is pride, but not the pride of high and pure endeavour, but that pride for which the Greeks found a name in the word *ὑβρις*, the insolence which knows no pity and feels no love. Long ago Renan warned Strauss of this canker which was eating into the German character. Pedants indoctrinated it, Generals instilled it, the Emperor preached it. The whole people were taught that war was a normal state of civilisation, that the lust of conquest and the arrogance of race were the most precious of the virtues. On this Dead Sea fruit the German people have been fed for a generation until they are rotten to the core.

That was written of the last campaign. It is equally applicable to this one, a fact which it seems hardly necessary to emphasise.

Not Another Sun Chariot

FRED DARLING, who has charge of the Beck-hampton Division of his Majesty's horses, is reported to have said that this two-year-old filly Sun Blind is not a second Sun Chariot, and, of course, he ought to know if anyone does. The mere outsider, however, might think that it is a bit early on to be certain about anything. Sun Blind has only run twice: first time out, second in a 6-furlong race at Salisbury to another débutante, Noon-tide; next time at Windsor, over 5 furlongs, she wins quite brilliantly; so perhaps it is a bit premature to say what she is. Like Sun Chariot, she is by Hyperion, and anything by that great sire might be anything. May not some people have also been a bit too quick in putting his Majesty's two-year-old colt

Tipstaff in the corner because he failed to bring the money home over 6 furlongs at Salisbury on August 8th? He went out at 7-4 on, giving 10 lb. to all the others: he was beaten a neck and a short head by Sulphurous and Panda, and we know what his name was after that! The reason why he did not win was because he was as green as a leaf. That he was quite capable of giving away that 10 lb. I do not doubt. What happened was that the moment that he got his head in front about a furlong from home he thought it was all over and dropped his bit. Many a raw recruit has done that before now, but apparently few of his critics noticed what had happened. There is not much time in which to set them alight again when so close home. I should think that Gordon had far less than 10 sec. in which to do it. On October 3rd at Salisbury, Tipstaff ran a creditable third over 5 furlongs to the Fortunate Lady colt (a bit of quicksilver) and Shining Light. He had some pretty good ones behind him—Victory Torch, to whom he was giving 6 lb. and Whirlaway, who started favourite and who was also getting the same concession. The favourite never got on his legs, and I suppose that he too will now be put in the corner. The amateur handicappers say that Tipstaff is more than a stone worse than Nasrullah (Coventry winner), 10 lb. worse than Umiddad (Dewhurst winner), 13 lb. worse than Lady Sybil, and 12 lb. worse than Ribbon (Middle Park winner).

The Idylls of a Poet

IN not one of the many panegyrics upon the Tennyson Renaissance that I have either read or heard, has there been any reference to that part of the poet's works which made up for so much that caused his first dethronement from popularity. It seems to have occurred to no one that King Arthur has never been so marvellously raised from the vaults of Glastonbury as he was by Tennyson. That king, the Affaire Guinevere, Lancelot, unjustly dubbed by some the "By Gadsby" of his times (he was never such a bounder as all that), the Lily Maid of Astolat, the romantic courtship of Lynette by Gareth (he preferring her to her



New Hon. Secretary of the Zoo

Dr. Sheffield A. Neave, who has succeeded Dr. Julian Huxley as Hon. Secretary of the Zoological Society, is a world-famous entomologist, and is the director of the Imperial Institute of Entomology. His many interests range from big game shooting, to the study of flies, on which subject he is an expert

fuller-blown chaperone Lyonors), were all living persons to the poet, just what we in our coarse, modern way would call front-page news. He might have read about the laches of Guinevere and Lancelot in a *Times* Law Report; the Battle of Barendoune (Barham Down) against the traitor knight Mordred was just as real to him as anything happening at El Alamein or Stalingrad is to us. These warriors were not phantoms to Tennyson, but live people fighting and feasting and flirting before his very eyes. Their attractive re-creation more than made up for such sissies as Maud's "walk-out," that tiresome Mariana of the Moated Grange and the lugubrious soliloquist of Locksley Hall, the persons who, I am sure, were in the main responsible for Tennyson's "fall."

Witnesses' Depositions

I FEEL sure that no one read the evidence for and against Arthur with greater diligence and discernment than did Tennyson, and when he arrived at the conclusion that Arthur was not a myth he had a good deal upon which to base it. If, for instance, we do not believe that the last campaign against Mordred ever took place, we are invited to go to the Dover



Epsom Batsmen Knock Up Big Scores

R. G. Foxwell and W. G. Waters, members of the Epsom Cricket Club, each scored 121 runs when opening the batting in one of their recent matches. Watson, the Epsom captain, has completed his 1000 runs for the season, during which the club has played some of the best teams in England, and has raised over £1000 for charity



Rosslyn Park Rugby Team Beat St. Mary's Hospital

Rosslyn Park began their Rugby season at the Old Deer Park, Richmond, by beating St. Mary's Hospital by 21 points to 9. In this picture are some members of the winning team: Wing Cdr. W. M. Penman, F/O. F. F. J. Lyall, hon. team secretary, Major E. J. Unwin, Captain R. E. Prescott and Major H. A. Fry. Penman, Unwin and Fry are Rugby Internationals



Officers of a Fleet Air Arm (R.N.) Station

D. R. Stuart

Front row: Lt.-Cdr. J. D. Ainger, A. B. Usher, R. Mundy-Cox, G. A. Nunneley, Eng. Cdr. W. J. King, Cdr. H. Gartside-Tippinge, Pay/Cdr. G. J. Watney, O.B.E., Eng. Capt. W. T. A. Jordan, O.B.E., Comdr. C. V. Robinson, Cdr. A. D. B. James, Instr. Cdr. D. C. Mackay, A/Cdr. W. H. Dolphin, A/Lt. Cdr. G. O. Waters, Lt. the Hon. R. A. Balfour, Surg. Lt.-Cdr. A. Brooke-Bateman, Lt. O. J. Tapper, Capt. Wood, 2nd Lt. Uren, Lt. A. M. Gray. Second row: Lt. W. F. Machin, Lt.-Cdr. H. J. F. Lane, Lt. H. H. V. Knight, Third Offs. U. F. K. Bowring, S. B. Curtis, D. L. Macausland, M. B. Douglas, J. E. Foote, J. D. Shields, D. le Poidevin, D. E. Wright, Lt. J. E. Dowling, A/Surg. Lt.-Cdr. H. D. Paviere, Sub-Lt. P. Lavender, Lt. G. Blackburn, Proby. Sub-Lt. G. Raynor, Surg. Lt. J. G. McCallum, Lt. W. A. Burch. Third row: Lt. Lavy, Warr. Obs. E. J. Duffy, Sub-Lt. D. B. Shaw, Lt. R. F. J. Forty, Proby. Sub-Lt. G. E. Taylor, Lts. W. S. Sutherland, D. S. Thompson, Sub-Lts. R. E. Martin, W. Orr, Proby. Sub-Lts. E. R. Robertson, D. G. Weil, Elec. Lt. C. J. Hill, Lt. A. Owen, Proby. Sub-Lts. J. E. Barker, F. Spickernell, Lts. G. P. Hayward, K. A. Whittome, W. R. MacWhirter, A. St. Hill Brock, Sub-Lt. D. Worth. Back row: Lts. R. Burns, A. J. McDonald, Proby. Sub-Lt. P. H. Pleydell-Bouverie, Lt. F. C. Furlong, A/Sub-Lt. N. H. Lester, Sub-Lt. E. A. Moore, Surg. Lts. H. Miller, E. S. Elliot, A/Sub-Lt. D. A. Dick, Chaplain A. B. Burrows, Surg. Lt. J. Jackson, Lts. R. L. West, P. M. Compston, B. O. Tenison, Proby. Sub-Lt. L. D. Empson, Lt. T. H. Levett, A/Sub-Lt. H. Davies, Lts. C. G. Dodden, H. J. Bigelstone, R. H. Jourdain, Sub-Lt. F. C. Booth, Proby. Sub-Lt. H. A. Williams, 2nd Lt. Kerfoot

Castle Chapel and find out about Sir Gawaine's skull, upon which the wicked Lancelot put the "V" sign. The famous co-respondent cut Gawaine's head in half and they *do* say that, even in wintry weather, when colds in the head are so rife, the wraith of this casualty roams about making a quite futile attempt to shut his cranium.

There are, however, many other items of corroborative testimony. You can, for instance, easily go to Camelot, H.Q. of Arthur's 1st Cavalry Division, or follow the course of his Northern campaign, Bassa near the Ribble, Celidon (Tweeddale), Caer Wen in the Wedale (Vale of Woe) action, till finally you arrive at the field of Agned Cathregionion (Edinburgh), where you will find that eminence Arthur's Seat, which, like the good general that he was, the G.O.C. at once seized and occupied, because it was the key of the whole position. It is an attractive journey to make. Of course, there is some rebutting testimony, the strongest of all of it being Arthur's failure to return to fight Anti-Christ; but then, he is not the only sinner in this respect, for Charlemagne gave a similar undertaking, so did the ginger-bearded Barbarossa (a German), Mansur (Elijah), and Thomas of Erceldoun, sometimes called "The Rhymer," a professional conjurer of his times and a most shameless plagiarist, for he tried to steal Merlin's thunder.

Changing Legs

It is reported from Hollywood that a lovely star is claiming £25,000 damages from a film producer because, as she alleges, he substituted another lady's legs for hers in a close-up shot, and the substitute's, it is pleaded, are a libel upon the plaintiff's legs, in that they are half as big again, and, presumably, must give the impression of what, if we were talking of horses, would be called "filled." If this is so, it is, of course, very terrible to have beautiful shapes turned into things resembling the under-standings of a billiard table. A similar case arose years ago in the days of a great hunting celebrity named "Bay" Middleton. "Bay" was a very beautifully made person, who was then in the 12th Lancers, and his leathers and tops were the envy of the whole hunting world. One time when he was over in Ireland riding the beautiful Elizabeth of Austria's horses to give them good school with hounds, he had his photograph taken, and at the same time another chap, who was with him, one Mattie D'Arcy, thought he would like to have himself done at the same studio. When Mattie got the proofs of his lot home he didn't like the look of his legs at all, so he got hold of the photographer and made him do a bit of juggling with the negatives and put "Bay's" legs on to his body! When "Bay" found out . . . !



Captured on the Course—By "The Tout"

Captain Cecil Boyd Rochford, the King's new trainer, has in his time trained the winner of almost every big race except—so far—the wartime Derby. His first jockey this season has been George Bridgeland, pre-war leading jockey in Belgium, who escaped to England just before the German invasion. Lieut. Ryan Jarvis, son of the Egerton House trainer, Willie Jarvis, is now in the Guards. He began to train with success a year or two before the war. Captain Bob Lyle, brilliant journalist and author, taps out news from the battle-front with the same facility as when he is describing a race. Major Durham Matthews made a lucky purchase when he bought Black Strap as a yearling. The colt has already won three Nurseries off the reel at Newmarket. S/Ldr. Stanhope Joel, son of the late Mr. Solly Joel, carries on the family tradition of breeding racehorses

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Tradition

ONE can—I suppose, happily—make a fashion of anything. At present, the fashion is for “utility.” With regard to dress and manner of living, the workings of this new vogue may be excellent; a good many conventions have been short-circuited; one sees much that is not only original, but even stylish, in its own way. But I own that, as a writer who loves fine writing, I view with dismay and apprehension the spread of “utility” to my own department. Poetry, on that plane of its own, is (as far as I know) not threatened. But I see an increasing output of “utility” prose.

A good deal of this new prose that I have in mind is the work of men (and women) who did not intend to be, and might still not claim to be, writers, but who, realising the value of their experience, have been moved to put it on paper. Our wish—in fact, our need—to know what is happening round us in this present fantastic, terrible but heroic world, creates a high demand for these war-experience books. Their writers seek, very wisely, language that shall be serviceable—lively, direct and plain. Imitation fine writing they, equally wisely, shun. That they should tell the truth is enough for them, as for us, and therefore they need not use (so avoid misusing) the devices of art. Their books, however awesome may be their content, are, as far as the brain goes, easy to read.

The danger I see from this is that the reader (and, in time, also the writer) may come to associate modern English prose with nothing more than convenience, speed and lucidity, and to think of fine writing as being, like the well-served long dinner, no more than a thing of the English past. One is grateful, in writing as in all other matters, for the disappearance of the pretentious and the faux bon. But it would be, to put it mildly, the greatest pity if, through a long course of “utility” reading, we were to lose our standards, become blunted, and, allow our innate love of the fine to drop. As a corrective to this tendency, I suggest that one should, now and then, turn to a book in which the prose is great in its own right, in which style is forceful and evident, in which words do more than record happenings and facts.

With *The Homing of the Winds*, by Sacheverell Sitwell (Faber and Faber; 3s. 6d.), such a book comes to hand—small and light in form; in fact, pocket-size—and at low price. This is a selection, made by the author, of prose passages from the body of his already published works. No passage is more than two or three pages long; some are not more than two or three paragraphs. Each, having been lifted out of its context, owing nothing to the continuity of the book to which it belongs, has to stand on its own—and does stand on its own superbly. Each, in its operation on one's feeling, brings back the perhaps forgotten magic of words—words subjected to

such a white heat of imagination that they melt and become transparent, just as sand becomes glass.

Each page of Mr. Sitwell's writing, whatever its subject, is a transformation scene—plane upon plane of vision dissolves, parts or lifts to reveal others behind. This is a world in which art is experience, and experience art. Childish memories, travel, civilisations either remote or perished, pictures not only beheld but entered, music lived through as well as heard—all these are the fuel from which the writing burns. Black swans, a haunted ruin, a bed of water-cress, a Cruikshank drawing, a town of petrol-tins, a nuns' feast *al fresco*, a St. Petersburg palace, bow windows, the moa, a shoal of shells, a Boudin Trouville, a temple, German toy pigeons, Antioch, Scarborough, harlequinade, snuff, laundresses, thunder, a herd of mares—these are some of the subjects on which imagination throws its unforgettable light. . . . We have our travellers, our scholars, our connoisseurs—but how many can add, at this measure, by sheerly creative writing, to what they appreciate, see or know?

The passages that make up *The Homing of the Winds* may, for some readers, serve as an introduction to the books from which they have been drawn. In each case, the source is given. This English prose by an Englishman of to-day is not only individual but traditional; it is not only modern but of the past. It is enriched by echoes. It is a reminder that English greatness has lain—and, still more importantly, still lies—not only in action but in perception, and that the English have, by their visionary use of language, brought into being an empire of the mind.

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

LISTENING to the B.B.C. and frequently to American broad-

casts, I am often left wondering if these twain, the British and the Americans, will ever comfortably commune. In the small things of life their approach seems to come from two opposite directions, and it is only in their approach to the small things of life that people ever become unself-conscious and intimate. Life and death strike most people in just the same manner; but you can't forge an easy understanding on fundamentals: for one thing, the occasion only occurs now and again.

The British love the familiar; the Americans demand to be “staggered.” The English will go to see an old theatrical star because they have been going to see her for the last thirty years. The Americans will go to see her because she is the Oldest Actress Who Has Ever Gone Mad in *Hamlet*! A skyscraper in this country always seems to hide an apology beneath its brazen exterior. The American skyscraper only seems apologetic when it is dwarfed by something higher still. We listen religiously to Winston Churchill because we are very fond of Winston Churchill—and he may tell us something. American announcers are so eager to impart the marvel of hearing the speaker's actual voice that it matters little if he stutters and talks nonsense. An English comedian—and alas! how many, many there are!—can repeat his one brand of humour for years and still get away with it, or, telling us jokes which used to convulse us in our cradle, yet bring down

By Richard King

at least some part of the house. An American comedian will give a new twist to an old gag, or turn some idea topsy-turvy and still make sense, and do it to instant appreciation; while an English audience would only begin to laugh after it had got over being bewildered.

Personally, I find the American eagerness to be staggered far more lively than our own staid progress. I myself am secretly impressed when an American announcer seems to imply that the Greatest War Budget in All History literally sees the Allies entering Berlin, than when a B.B.C. announcer, telling us of thirty planes missing over Germany, appears to hesitate between stressing “thirty” or “missing.” I like the American way of experimenting in words and ideas. It quickens the senses. Of course, experiments can bore you on occasion, but equally so can ruts.

Metaphorically speaking, if I must be shown a cow, it isn't just a cow if it is accompanied by a theory concerning why the bull simply won't look at her! Perhaps I still retain something of a child's eagerness to be astounded. I even like eagerness, though it deck out only trivialities. When I pay my tuppence to see the Fat Lady, I like to believe I believe I am going to see the Fattest Woman Extant! It vitalises the commonplace. And that is one of the arts of living at which the Americans have got us beaten from the start. No wonder, even when repetitive, they give you the feeling of being alive!



A Self-Portrait by Cuthbert Orde

Captain Orde served in the Royal Air Force (No. 17 Squadron) in the last war. He is ideally suited by temperament, experience and sympathy to portray the R.A.F. to the public, and he has gone a long way towards doing this in his book, “Pilots of Fighter Command,” published this month by Harrap's at 25s. “Pilots of Fighter Command” contains sixty-four portraits by Cuthbert Orde, several of which will be reproduced in “The Tatler and Bystander” in forthcoming issues.

Problems of Youth

THE present interest in youth and youth movements makes the appearance of Miss A. P. Jephcott's *Girls Growing Up* (Faber and Faber; 6s.) particularly apposite. I recommend this study of working-class young girls, their lives, their backgrounds, their outlook, not only to those already at grips with the problem through social work, but to those who feel, with a dawning sense of responsibility, a rather hampering ignorance in this field. Miss Jephcott, who has had wide and varied experience of working girls and their clubs, writes with shrewdness and understanding—and, one need hardly say, sympathy. Better still, she quotes freely—in one case, to the extent of a whole chapter—from unimpeachable sources: the girls themselves. “Mary Smith's” account of herself (up to nineteen), beginning “Once more we gabbled rather than sang the old Vesper hymn,” will rejoice you as much by its naïveté as by its independence and verve. Mary began life despondent, an easy crier, a fat girl got down by blind-alley jobs. But she forged ahead; she became a hospital nurse; her figure is now her only remaining trouble, and I feel sure she will reduce that by sheer character.

“Mary Smith” has been given prominence as being not only typical but exceptionally articulate. In the pages of *Girls Growing Up* we get, however, equally

(Concluded on page 88)

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's"
Review of Weddings



Cotton — Bowles

Charles Kenneth Cotton, of Watford, and Kathleen Bowles were married at Marylebone Register Office. She is the daughter of the late W. H. Bowles and Mrs. Bowles, of Bickton House, Slough



Monro — Coode

Captain Frederick Lionel Monro, R.A., married Winifred Sylvia Carlyon Coode, at St. Andrew's Church, Tywardreath, Cornwall. She is the daughter of Captain and Mrs. Richard Carlyon Coode, and granddaughter of the late Bishop Gott, of Truro



Langley — Job

Sub-Lt. John Robert Langley, R.N.V.R., son of Mrs. Lorna Langley-Kramer, of Cawdor House, Kingussie, Inverness-shire, married Susan Katharine Job, daughter of the Rev. C. D. and Mrs. Job, of The Vicarage, Walton-on-Thames, at St. Mary's, Walton-on-Thames



Douglas — Heubach

Major John Sholto Douglas, The Royal Scots, only son of Mr. J. W. E. J. Douglas, of Tilquhillie, and the late Mrs. Douglas, married Elsa Valerie Heubach, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Heubach, of 62, Thrale Road, S.W., at St. Alban's, Streatham Hill



Mrs. Corfield

Joy Bastard was married at St. George's Church, Nanyuki, to Major Corfield, M.B.E., of The Royal Signals and Sudan Political Service. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Segar Bastard, of Nanyuki, Kenya



Langford Brooke — Dempster

Captain Eric W. Langford Brooke, of The White House, Knutsford, Cheshire, married Margaret Dempster, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dempster, of Old Peover, Cheshire, at St. George's, Hanover Square



Disney — Wynn-Williams

Squadron Leader H. A. S. Disney, of Chorley Wood, and Eira Wynn-Williams, were married recently at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The bride is the only daughter of Dr. W. Wynn-Williams, of Clevedon, Middlesbrough



Roxburgh — Hewlett

Lieut. John Charles Young Roxburgh, D.S.C., R.N., only son of the Hon. Mr. Justice Roxburgh and Mrs. Roxburgh, of Calcutta, married Philippa Hewlett, daughter of Major and Mrs. C. M. Hewlett, of Ivy Cottage, Honiton, Devon, at St. Paul's, Honiton

Pearl Freeman



Daley — Miller

Raymond Daley, only son of Dr. and Mrs. W. Allen Daley, of London, married Alison Renée Crauford Miller, youngest daughter of the late Very Rev. Principal J. H. Miller, and Mrs. Miller, of St. Andrews, Fife, at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 73)

his charming French wife used to give, with Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies as one of the attractions, disporting themselves in the swimming-pool? Since the war the Pagets have been living at Ibstock Close, Little Tew, in Oxfordshire, with their married daughter, Mrs. Carleton-Paget, whose husband has been away in the Middle East for more than two years, and their grandson, aged three, who is a platinum-blond and very nice-looking. Major and Mrs. Paget hardly ever come to London now, as they find they are kept busy gardening, running canteens for farm labourers, and so on.

Morning in Mayfair

LUNCHING in Mayfair I met Miss Mary Ley, the only daughter of Sir Gordon Ley, with Lady Farquhar, who said her husband had now quite recovered from his wound and was back with his regiment. Mr. and Mrs. Michael Beary were having a quick lunch together before catching a train to Newmarket. Another train-catcher was Lady Ronaldshay, who was on her way back to Yorkshire; she was lunching with the Hon. Christopher Beckett, who was on seven days' leave. Also on leave was Peter Forsyth-Forrest, one of the twins; he and his brother, Michael, are so alike that, when they first joined their training regiment, they were constantly mistaken for each other. When Michael followed Peter for his original interview, he was asked very tersely what he thought he was doing coming up again and had to explain that he hadn't been interviewed before, but that it was his twin! They are now both subalterns in one of the Lancer regiments.

Mrs. Kenneth Thornton grows more like her mother, the Hon. Mrs. Maurice Brett (Zena Dare), every day. She was having a drink with cheery Major Jock Campbell; they were joined by Mrs. Henry Illingworth, who was Dawn Gold. The May Fair maintains its cheery air of welcome at all hours of the day—and night. Celebrities and distinguished visitors to London walk in and out. Recent visitors I have met there include the Countess of Moray, Admiral Sir Charles Forbes, the Countess of Carlisle, very smart in A.T.S. Commandant's uniform, Lord Grimthorpe, and Lady Malcolm Campbell.

Wrens, Afs and Waafs of the Future

TO celebrate the birth of the National Association of Girls' Training Corps, which was initiated by the Board of Education in January this year, and is the only organisation for pre-service training for girls recognised by the W.R.N.S., A.T.S. and W.A.A.F.s, a Rally was held at Cheltenham recently. The girls gave displays of physical training and drill, first-aid activities, gas attacks and dealing with incendiaries, and were congratulated by Field-Marshal Lord Birdwood—"the father of the British Army," he described himself—who told them that the war could not be won without the help of the womanhood of Britain. Colonel Holmes represented General Lee, of the U.S. Army, and told the Duchess of Beaufort that, although as yet there was no equivalent of the G.T.C. in America, he felt sure there soon would be. Miss K. Curlett, O.B.E., is the organising secretary of the G.T.C., Miss Grace Browning the Chairman, and Sir William Jowitt the Hon. Treasurer. Distinguished visitors included Lady Stratheden, head of the G.T.C. in Scotland, Admiral Muselier of the Fighting French Navy, Air Chief-Marshal Sir William Sholto Douglas, Vice-Admiral Carpenter, V.C., Brig.-General John Campbell, V.C., Lady de Clifford, County Adjutant for Gloucestershire, and Mr. Robert Perkins, M.P.



At a Table for Four

Swaabe

Ord. Seaman the Hon. Euan Howard, eldest son of Lord Strathcona, was dining one night in London with Lady Mary Rose Fitzroy, Pilot Officer J. R. C. Manners, R.A.F.V.R., and Miss Vivian Moseley. Lady Mary Rose Fitzroy is a sister of the ninth Duke of Grafton, who died in 1936

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 86)

first-hand glimpses of her contemporaries—child-adults who have their ways in the world to make.

At an age when our daughters are not more than half-way through boarding-school—having their characters cultivated, their health watched, their interests widened, their taste for the right life formed—the working-class girl (unless she has gained a scholarship) must cope with life as an earner. From fourteen on, she must think first of the question of self-support.

Her awakening mind has to blunt itself on the routine work that is all that, at her age, she can obtain. Her still-unformed tastes have to feed on the immediate pleasures of cinema, street-corner gossip, dance-hall, feuilleton and novelette. Her ambitions and dreams must limit themselves to doing right by her parents and having shillings to spend. Her youthful romantic sense becomes a mixture of sad, premature realism and cinema-colour. Her health, now she is out of range of the school doctor and dentist, becomes her own business—and suffers accordingly.

Every elementary school child, at the age of eleven, sits for an examination through which it may obtain a free place at a secondary school. In cases where such a place is obtained, education is longer and prospects better. But the number of free places is limited—and also, far too often, even girls who have, through the examination, gained them, cannot take them up because of home poverty that demands that one should become an earner at fourteen. So bright girls with hungry minds, and others as bright in their way through being eager and vital but without the direct kind of scholastic ability, leave school young, for a world so lightless, futureless, narrow, that one might call it hardly a world at all—the factory, the workroom, the little shop where she serves or the big shop where she runs errands. They cannot—Miss Jephcott stresses this point—think of such work as a thing of interest or dignity. No girl can feel she expresses herself through it, or that she is adding to the good of the world. And the wish to express oneself, the wish to do something big, the wish for a worthy footing in the community, are very powerful factors in adolescence.

Though Miss Jephcott writes unemotionally, she stresses the pity that so much human good stuff should go to waste, that ideas gained at school should perish, that so many eager children should be stunted into shallow and listless girls. It is a pity socially, a pity for England—these are our citizens of a few years hence, the mothers and homemakers of the future.

Girls Growing Up is not written politically; it does not suggest an industrial overhaul. What it does suggest, even urge, is that that fuller life the young nature craves and deserves should be supplied, outside working hours, by clubs. The club can give social interest, recreation, education (but this only where wished), gaiety, the chance to discuss ideas, the sense of belonging to a community. Mixed clubs, for boys and girls, where both friendship and courtship may have a propitious background, are, in Miss Jephcott's view, ideal.

There should be reading-rooms where periodicals may be seen, so that the young members may keep up with their times. (Miss Jephcott has found, among many young people, an indifference to the war, which they see as no more than a nuisance, and an alarming apathy as to the future of England.) The grown-up club workers should be attractive—people who enjoy their own lives through knowing how to live well. Girls, healthily shy of blatant uplift, are bored or antagonised by the high-minded frump. They also detest regimentation—freedom is the essence of the good club. The ideal club should be run by its own young committee. The building should, where possible, in itself be gay, warm and attractive, with pictures and decoration to please the eye—many clubs lose members through their bleak atmosphere.

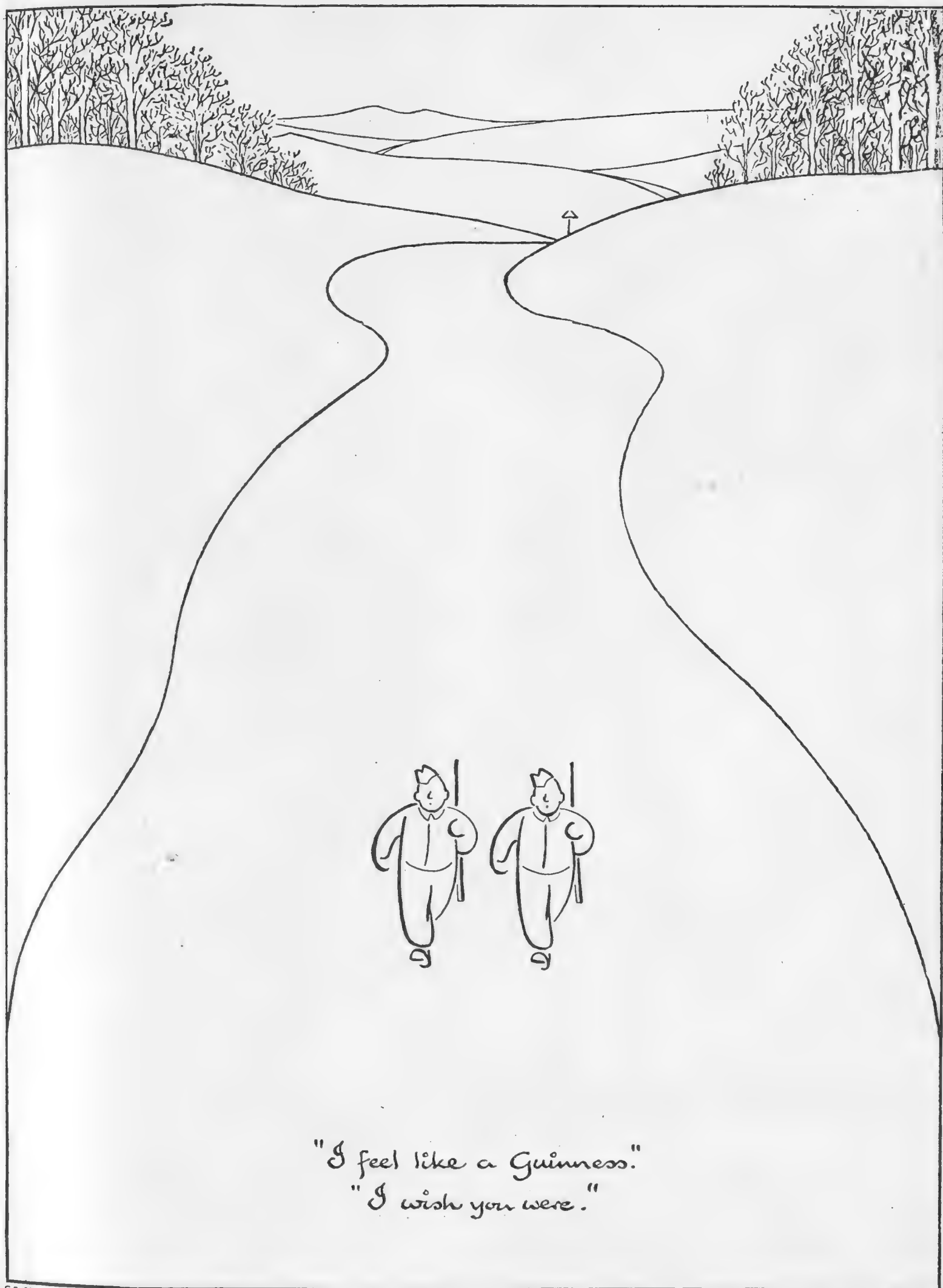
Miss Jephcott devotes one amusing chapter to an analysis of girls' reading matter—the cheap novelettes and weeklies that are so popular. Their content and general trend appear to be startling. She also confesses frankly that the club must be very good, very gay, very many-sided, if it is to compete successfully with the cinema and the sixpenny dancing-hall. In the emotionally-disturbed conditions of wartime, the need for girls' clubs becomes more pressing than ever.

With the Home Guard

MR. JOHN RHODE'S *Night Exercises* (Crime Club; 8s. 6d.) is not only a good detective story but a detailed and lively study of the Home Guard. Therefore, the book has worth as well as excitement. Crime is placed in its right relation to larger events, and the final solution of the murder mystery takes place in a tense hour—for the balloon does go up. Major Ledbury, standing in thought in the dark on the top of the church tower, is a memorable as well as a moving figure.

Yugoslavia

"DALMATIAN DREAMS," written and pictured by Edward Canning-Freeman, contains striking black-and-whites of buildings, mountains and coastline, and several coloured plates that will rejoice the eye. The Preface is by her Majesty Queen Marie of Yugoslavia. The book is published in aid of the Yugoslavia Relief Society, 46, Piccadilly, to whom application for it should be made. In itself a possession, it cannot fail to be sought by those who have travelled in Yugoslavia, by those who hope to know her in better days, and by all of us who salute and honour her now.



"I feel like a Guinness."
"I wish you were."



AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Apples and Air

ISAAC NEWTON, according to the adage of an old Royal Air Force friend, is aviation's enemy No. 1. Gravity rather than Goering; fog rather than flak; errors and omissions rather than gun- and cannon-fire; these are the causes of aeronautical catastrophe. In consequence, air-pilot training must be directed first at making a man safe and only afterwards at making him daring. He must take no flying risks; but be ready to take every kind of fighting risk.

It is an awkward antithesis, and the very fact that there must be conflict in the aims of the Service air pilots—with this perpetual contrast between safety and danger—may be one of the reasons that some of the great fighting pilots have been poor flyers. Some of those who have shot down many enemy aircraft have been somewhat ham-handed and unsympathetic in their handling of their machines. In short, they were fighters more than they were flyers. But the trouble with such people is that they invariably hurt themselves badly sooner or later, and that it is simply a matter of chance whether their flying career lasts long enough for them to build up a fighting career.



General Karel Janousek

General Janousek, K.C.B., is Inspector-General of the Czechoslovak Air Force and Air Vice-Marshal of the R.A.F. Most of his men saw active service in Poland and France, and have given invaluable service to the fighting power of the Allies.

Aces Against the Weather

TODAY I think I can detect a gradual change in this characteristic of fighting pilots. They seem to me to be more generally good flyers and good fighters together. Most of those who have done great feats in this war have been excellent pilots as well as fine fighters. And it may be that this is because nowadays flying continues through a greater range of weathers.

The bomber pilot has always had his second battle going on against the weather, and it is a battle which—on the average—takes far more out of him than the battle against the enemy. But now both fighter- and bomber-pilot are called on to work in bad weather. This winter we shall undoubtedly see aircraft forced to operate in conditions slightly worse than ever before. It has been a gradual process, this extension in the range of operational weather, just as it was a gradual process in commercial flying. Between the dud weather of 1918 and the dud weather of 1938 there is a noticeable gap; but the progress made between 1938 and now is less readily distinguished. Nevertheless, those who take the trouble to relate what they see of the weather conditions (for these are no longer mentionable in the Press) and what they read in the Air Ministry communiqués must notice that there has been progress even in these three years of war.

Traffic Control

It is progress partly made through improved instruments and better radio; partly through improved training; but also partly through the introduction of more scientific methods of traffic control. Traffic control at the airports of peace was becoming a difficult enough matter. But now aviation is more extensive than anything conceived in those days, and it works always with the special disadvantages of camouflaged aerodromes, restrictions on the lighting that can be used for night work and on radio and many other things. There has been, in this field, development which will be permanently useful. Big bomber raids are not only nasty for the enemy, but also useful for the future of civil aviation. And there is this to be remembered: that information is now being amassed by the Royal Air Force and allied air forces which is at present secret, but which will no longer be secret when the war is over. Provided there are promptness and fullness in disseminating it to all those engaged on civil flying, it should be of the utmost value for improving civil air safety and efficiency.

Behaviour of Prisoners

THESE notes are being written at the time when the British troops taken prisoner by the Germans during the Dieppe raid are in chains. The enemy claim is that we have ill-treated some of their men taken prisoner. Of one aspect of this I can speak—that concerned with the flying side. And it is a fact that German air-crew members taken prisoner in Britain have been treated with a kindness which was extravagant. A German air pilot, after baling out over England, could be certain of being received in the first house he came to with courtesy and the inevitable cup of tea. Sometimes he responded well to this treatment; sometimes he merely became truculent. I could never see why a German prisoner should receive greater politeness than—for instance—a customer in a wartime shop. The customer, in these days, is always wrong. He is told with the greatest sharpness where he gets off. If he is not careful he is warned by implication, if not by so many words, that he will not obtain any goods there any more. All this shop-assistant terseness is supported by enormous reserves of official regulations. The only thing the official regulations do not prescribe is what George Robey would call a modicum of politeness. In consequence the only way to obtain something in the way of food and drink from a perfect stranger with every expression of hospitality and interest, is—so it seems—to be a German prisoner. And the German response to this is to put our men in chains.

Warming all Men

We have prepared carefully against the coming winter. For the civilian, we have in stock a wide choice of ulsters and overcoats (fleeces, cheviots, saxonies and tweeds) which were made before the new regulations came in. And, in our Uniform Department, the Service man will find perfectly tailored greatcoats in a great variety of fittings.

AUSTIN REED

103-113 REGENT STREET, W.1

77 CHEAPSIDE • 13 FENCHURCH STREET • 135 VICTORIA STREET

Bath, Belfast, Birmingham, Bournemouth, Bristol, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Harrogate, Hull, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Norwich, Nottingham, Oxford, Sheffield, Southampton. Also at Aldershot, Amesbury, Barmouth, Bothwell, Coventry, Dunbar, Grantham, Hove, Llandrindod Wells, Llandudno, Plymouth, Richmond (Yorks), Shrivensham. London Telephone: Regent 6789.



BY APPOINTMENT
TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI.

*Quality
Tells*



VAT
69

Sanderson's LUXURY BLEND SCOTCH WHISKY

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION by M. E. Brooke

It is "colour" contrasts that break the monotony of the fashions this season; no one understands better the art of blending the same than Libertys, Regent Street. To them must be given the credit of the dress portrayed on the left, which is available in many colour schemes, and is expressed in a woolly material. It is an ideal house frock and may also be worn out of doors with a fur or other wrap coat. There are many variations on this theme. It is good news, too, that a feature is here made of fashions for the older women as well as for those who are not so slender as they would like to be. A note must be made of fur-fabric coats which are well-tailored and not at all expensive



Anticipating a severe winter Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, have assembled in their salons a large collection of warm house coats and dressing-gowns wherein colour plays an important role. It is a printed woollen material which makes the house coat above; it can be easily packed as it does not crease. The colours are delightful and must be seen to be appreciated. A novelty is the tailored dressing-gowns of velour which are perfectly plain with the exception of a narrow turnover collar of pin spotted milanese. The decorative blouse for informal evening functions is sure of a welcome, and simple shirts as well as pullovers may be substituted for a decorative one thereby saving valuable coupons

It is pleasant news that in the Younger Set Department at Harrods, Knightsbridge, they are specialising in "All the Year Round" outfits which are practical, well-tailored, and will remain undated indefinitely. Illustrated on the left is a representative model in a material which is warm and at the same time light. The classic tailor-made consisting of coat and skirt has many representatives, a strong point in its favour being that it can be worn with shirts or warm pullovers. Winter coats have arrived, both fur and fur lined, and are much appreciated by women who do war work which does not necessitate the wearing of uniform. No one must leave these salons without seeing the new felt hats. They fit well down on the head, are decorative and many of the brims are adjustable



A comfortable button-through House Coat in
 of wool Velour, finished velvet collar, cuffs and
 wash. Available in saxe, red, royal or wine.
 Bust sizes: 34: 36: 38.

Dressing Gown Dept. 3rd floor. (8 coupons) **£4.19.0**

Harvey Nichols
of Knightsbridge

Harvey Nichols & Co. Ltd., Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1. SLOane 3440

Please send 2½d. stamp for our new Fashion Catalogue.



Please send correct
 number of coupons
 when ordering by
 post

SMARTLY TAILORED in WOOL JERSEY

Semi-shirt dress, with front of skirt cut in slight flare
 and panel of pleats at back. Black, conifer blue,
 nigger, wine, grey, navy. S.W.,
 W., WX.

£10.1.0

(11 coupons)

Debenham & Freebody

LANgham 4444 WIGMORE ST., LONDON, W.1 (Debenhams Ltd.)

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

HE appeared before the company officer, charged with using insulting language to his sergeant.

"Please, sir," he protested, "I was only answering a question."

"What question?" snapped the officer.

"Well, sir, the sergeant said: 'What do you think I am?' and I just told him."

A WELL-KNOWN American author met an old negro called Uncle Joe, who was always cheerful in spite of having had more than his share of life's troubles.

"How have you managed to retain your calmness and cheerfulness in spite of them all?" asked the author.

"Well, sah, Ah'll tell you," replied Uncle Joe. "Ahse jest learned to co-operate wid de inevitable."

THE orderly officer was going his rounds at breakfast and stopped at one table with the usual query: "Any complaints?"

One soldier sprang up and said: "Yes, sir, this tea tastes of chloride of lime."

The officer took the mug, sniffed the contents, then sipped cautiously.

"Nonsense," he pronounced. "That's carbolic acid!"

"PETERBOROUGH" in the *Daily Telegraph* told the following:

Americans are not always so impressed with the charm of rural England as they might be. A United States Army unit stationed in the heart of the country is chuckling over the comment of a stalwart Texan on his first glimpse of the nearest village.

"Well," he said, "those are the first traffic lights I ever saw in a cemetery."

"I'm sorry," he said to the patient, "but I shall have to operate on you again."

The convalescent let out a roar.

"Nothing doing," he cried, "I won't stand for it."

"But," argued the doctor, "it's something that just has to be done. You see, I made a serious mistake. When I stitched you up I left one of my rubber gloves inside you."

The patient was incredulous.

"Is that why you want to open me again?"

"Yes," said the surgeon.

The patient smiled feebly.

"Don't be daft, man," he said. "Here's a shilling—go and buy yourself another rubber glove."

MATHEMATICS was not John's strong point, and at the examination he was set a problem as follows:

"If one horse can run one mile in a minute and a half, and another horse can do the same distance in two minutes, how far would the first horse be ahead if they ran a race of two miles at their respective speeds?"

John worried over this for some time, and then thought of a way out.

"I regret to say," he wrote, "that I cannot deal with this problem, as my parents have always told me never to have anything to do with horse racing in any form."

DURING a cinema performance in a military camp out East, the projector broke down again and again in the middle of a very exciting gangster film.

After about the tenth break one "Tommy" turned and addressed the unseen operator:

"Give it up, old man!" he said. "Come out of that cubby-hole and tell us the — story!"



Swanwick Studio

The Singing Star of "Waltz Without End"

Miss Jane Carr has revealed herself as a coloratura soprano of remarkable quality and range in Jack Buchanan's recent production "Waltz Without End" at the Cambridge Theatre. As the Countess Wanda, who falls in love with the penniless Chopin, she has many lovely numbers to which she does full justice. She is accompanied by the Cambridge Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Bernard Grun who arranged the music.

Save, Your Waste Paper for Salvage, but Give Your Magazines to the Troops. — Any Post Office will Accept them from You

A MOTHER-TO-BE and she looks her prettiest! ALL DU BARRY MODELS are designed on a principle which makes them comfortable and concealing. Come and try on some of the really smart styles, or send for beautiful folio of designs. Dress as sketched, in Matt. Woollen, trimmed in lustrous satin in excellent range of colours — price 6 gns.

COUPON ECONOMY
Du Barry's Coupon-Free Department will remodel your dress after the event

Du Barry
MATERNITY WEAR
MAYfair 0118
DU BARRY
68 DUKE ST., OXFORD ST., W.1
(opposite Selfridges)



Absolutely unretouched photograph of the same eyes before and after treatment.

OVER AND UNDER THE EYES REJUVENATED

Eyes set in loose wrinkled skin tell of age, worry, misfortune and ill-health. This imperfection of the skin destroys the natural expression of even the brightest eyes.

The Hystogen method corrects painlessly and permanently all facial imperfections, and saves the face from premature decay. The Hystogen method, invented and practised by a Swiss specialist with 30 years' experience is the only scientific and genuine method to improve the face practised by the Medical Profession. 10,000 men and women have already benefited by this miraculous method, without the aid of which many would have to retire from active life. Call for a free consultation or write for literature.

HYSTOGEN (Est. 1911)

26 Eton Avenue, Swiss Cottage, N.W.3

Tel. Prim. 3600

PURE FUR FELT
TANGO

The symbol of
Guaranteed Quality

Tango Hats

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL LEADING MILLINERS

SLIM AWAY TEN YEARS!

How often have you heard someone say "I do wish I could slim"? Or wished it yourself, realising that fat is ugly and ageing? It is also a danger, for it puts extra strain on the whole body. Yet there is an easy, pleasant way to attain a youthful figure—and improve your look. Just take Natex Tonic Slimming Food regularly.

See how excess fat goes while you eat

Between the first and the last of these figures there is 42 lbs. difference in weight. When you take Natex, unwanted fat actually goes while you eat, because Natex is a vegetable

food—not a drug. A tonic, slimming food that gets rid of fat safely and surely. It is the sensible and natural way to slim, because it acts by re-invigorating the glandular system with the organic food needed to help the absorption of fat and prevent further accumulation.

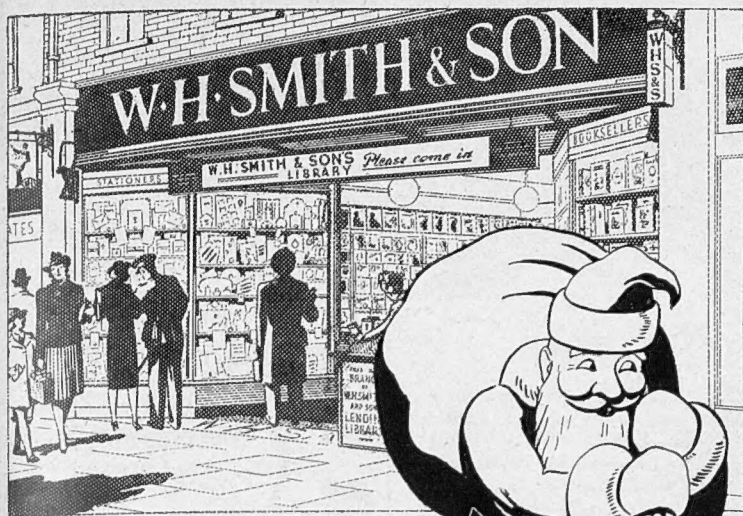
THOUSANDS OF LETTERS RUN IN THIS VEIN—

"Please will you send me a 10/7d. box of Natex Slimming Capsules. I think they are a wonderful reducer and have made a great difference to my health."

The sooner you start slimming with Natex the sooner you will have a younger, more graceful figure. So get your first packet today. From Chemists and Health Stores, 2s. 6/1½, 10/7, and 19/5½ (incl. purchase tax) or post free from Modern Health Products Ltd., 138A Natex House, 38 Langham Street, London, W.1.

Natex
TONIC SLIMMING FOOD

The fact that goods made of raw materials, in short supply owing to war conditions, are advertised in this paper, should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export



Last year, thanks to the warning we issued about the shortage of books—and thanks to the heed that was paid to it—most of our customers were able without undue difficulty to make a satisfactory selection for their Christmas presents.

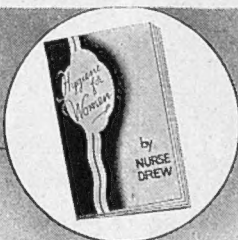
This year we issue an even more urgent warning, for not only are there fewer books available, but, because of the greater scarcity of other types of gifts, more people than ever will be choosing books. Therefore we urge those of our customers who have always realized the advantages of books as presents, to shop early—and by shopping early we do not mean in

the early days of December or even November. **You cannot start too soon. Start now.**

This advice is addressed in particular to all those who choose books for gifts with discriminating care, for there are many books that will run out of stock in October, and as a result of congested conditions in the printing and bookbinding trades, will not be available again until long after Christmas.

W. H. SMITH & SON, LTD. Head Office: STRAND HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2

ASK YOUR CHEMIST
FOR BOOKLET



"HYGIENE FOR WOMEN"
BY NURSE DREW

RENDELLS
PRODUCTS

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

APPROVED BY DOCTORS



Brevitt's austerity

Simplicity inspired this new

BREVITT shoe in natural calf. The dignity and superb comfort of the 'Richmond' will ensure its success in the BREVITT collection.

We shall be delighted to send you a list of BREVITT Stockists.



BREVITT SHOES LTD • STANDBROOK HOUSE • 2-5 OLD BOND STREET • W1
(Wholesale only)

Gorringes

new and attractive

Hand Woven Blouses



Jumper and Blouse in a new hand woven woollen fabric—beautifully soft and warm.

"SANDAKAN" Blouse in red with blue and navy. Size 36. **£4.16.9**

"SALFORD" Jumper in blended colours of nigger, beige, copper and green. Size 38. **£6.7.9**

(6 Coupons each)

We also have dresses and jumper suits in the same hand woven fabric.

If you wish to receive the next three issues of
GORRINGES GAZETTE
Please send 6d. in stamps

Frederick Gorringe Ltd.
Buckingham Palace Road
Phone: VICTORIA 6666 (24 lines) S.W.1



DISTINCTION

For personal valour and fortitude in situations of danger and difficulty, our men of the fighting forces receive from the hands of the King a decoration which is a permanent symbol of the nation's admiring recognition.

To attain honourable distinction is a worthy ambition not only in the Services but in all departments of civilian activity.

For the industrial business organisation it takes the form of firmly established reputation, which is the most precious of business assets.

But no progressive business can rest on its past good deeds. It must hold its distinction by unrelenting vigilance and energy. That is why throughout all departments the Chatwood Tradition is kept ever in mind.

"Achievement is but another milestone along the highway of progress—the end of the journey lies ever beyond."

THE CHATWOOD SECURITY

THE CHATWOOD SAFE CO. LTD.

Bankers' Engineers

Head Office: SHREWSBURY, ENGLAND

Telegrams: Chatwood, Shrewsbury

Telephone: Shrewsbury 4001

LONDON: MANCHESTER: GLASGOW: BOMBAY



Let's see—
better buy

ROYAL
"EDISWAN"
LAMPS

FOR EFFICIENCY, ECONOMY AND SERVICE

Advertisement of THE EDISON SWAN ELECTRIC CO., LTD., 155 Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2 (L.26)

'SANATOGEN'
REGD. TRADE MARK
NERVE-TONIC
FOOD

DIVERSION

We are sorry to disappoint you, but the vital needs of the country must come first and the materials which go to the making of 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food and 'Genasprin' are now needed for other and more urgent purposes. Please remember this when you have difficulty in obtaining 'Sanatogen' and 'Genasprin'.

'Genasprin'
REGD. TRADE MARK
KILLS PAIN QUICKLY—
TIME IT!

THE TAO CLINIC SUPERFLUOUS HAIR



Permanently destroyed by advanced Electrolysis. 75 hairs destroyed for 10/6, a 20-minute sitting. Each treatment singly. No scarring. Practically painless. Moles and warts successfully removed. Medically approved. Consultations free by appointment, when a frank and honest diagnosis of each case will be given.

Appointments accepted for Saturday afternoons.

Phone - - - KEN 9055

175 KNIGHTSBRIDGE

BREAST SUPPORTER

White material, For drooping, heavy figures, from 50/6

Loose Breasts, from 38/6

Pink, Silk or Net, Detachable straps from 52/6 & 58/6

Very low back model, 63/-

Please state Bust and Underbust measurements.

TO PREVENT BREAST FROM DRAGGING, COLLAR BONES FROM PROTRUDING, MUST WEAR JOUJOU BREAST SUPPORTER. IT PREVENTS SORENESS, CHAFE AND STOOPIG, GIVES UPLIFT, RELIEVES PAIN, INFLAMMATION, WHICH ARISE FROM NEGLECT. ALSO DESIGNED FOR MATERNITY AND NURSING MOTHERS. PREVENTS MILK CLOTTING. MUST BE WORN DAY AND NIGHT.

Various prices for one's requirements and taste. FOR AMPUTATION. Prices on application.

Joujou Breast Supporter with Pad.

Personal fitting when calling or send your order. Free illustrated circular. Orders guaranteed immediately executed by return post. Write or 'Phone Welbeck 1240 Post free only in U.K. Obtainable only from—

"JOUJOU" Co., 32, Baker Street, London, W.1

M.P.S.

The letters M.P.S. stand for "Member of the Pharmaceutical Society" and signify that the holder is a registered, qualified chemist. The qualified chemist occupies an important place in the scheme of maintaining the nation's health. Your doctor relies upon him to dispense his prescriptions accurately. He is recognised as an authority on drugs and toilet preparations and, as such, his opinion is worth attention.

He recommends the toothpaste with a definite germicidal power:—

Euthymol

TOOTH PASTE

VICTOR STIEBEL

is showing a few models conforming to the new regulations

at **JACQMAR**
16 Grosvenor Street
London, W.1

OSNATH

(Patent applied for)



**Britain's Best
BABY CARRIAGE**
Special war-time model incorporating comfort, beauty, ease and balance. We regret supplies are severely restricted, but see your local dealer. No catalogues available. ASHTON BROS. & PHILLIPS, LTD., OSNATH WORKS, WARRINGTON



Enquiries :
Nicoll Clothes,
Middlesex House,
Cleveland Street, W.1.

Agents in West End :

NICOLLS of REGENT STREET

120 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.

TEL : REGent 1951



Health-Hints — by 'Sanitas'

DON'T CATCH OTHER PEOPLE'S COLDS

NOWADAYS, nobody can remain sealed up in their own homes. Old and young alike, *we have to mix with crowds*—in 'buses and trams and trains; in factories and offices; in crowded restaurants and canteens.

Most germs enter through the nose and mouth. The throat is often their breeding-ground. So, keep the nostrils clear and clean; and rinse the mouth and throat regularly with a little SANITAS and warm water.

Make it a family habit, morning and night. If you KEEP WELL, you don't need to get well!

A bottle of SANITAS lasts a long time. It destroys untold millions of germs. You feel fresh and clean and healthy after a SANITAS mouth-wash!

Your Chemist has it, 1'1½d., 1'8½d., per bottle (incl. Pur. Tax).

SANITAS

SAFEGUARDS THE WHOLE FAMILY

ON REQUEST—Valuable War Memorandum on prevention and treatment of infectious diseases. Write (enclosing 1d. stamp) to SANITAS CO. LTD., Dept. TA/10, 51 Clapham Road, S.W.9.

The Wright Soap for the family ration



Because of its well-known constituent — **Liquor Carbonis Detergens** — Wright's has been recommended by doctors for over 75 years as the finest family toilet soap, invigorating to the skin tissues, discouraging to stray infections. Now, when such qualities are so specially necessary, Wright's offer this extra coupon value to everyone in the house.

WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap

One tablet — one coupon
7½d. per tablet (tax included)

TORBAY HOTEL

TORQUAY

Tel.: 2218 Telegrams: Torbay, Torquay

100 BEDROOMS

SPECIAL TERMS
FOR H.M. SERVICES

WRITE FOR TARIFF T



KERFOOT'S MEDICATED PASTILLES

embodying the
manufacturing
experience of
eighty years

MENTHOL & EUCALYPTUS
CATARRH • ANTISEPTIC THROAT
GLYCERINE OF THYMOL

Thomas Kerfoot & Co. Ltd.
Vale of Bardsley, Lancashire

THE "horseless carriage" illustrated below is perhaps to our eyes an ungainly steed, but it was not so very long ago — when cycling was an accomplishment and cars were very daring — that Kipling eulogised this very Lanchester — the speedy and splendid "Octopod" of his story *Steam Tactics*.

Times have changed. The lines of the car have grown sleeker, its mechanism miraculously quiet and smooth. Yet common to every phase in the progress of vehicular travel was the leadership of Lanchester, Daimler, and B.S.A. Their cars, their bicycles, their motor cycles, their buses were consistently ahead of the times. Today they carry with them a promise for all who have a plan for the future.

The Birmingham Small Arms Co. Ltd., England,

and

B.S.A. Guns Ltd. • B.S.A. Cycles Ltd.

Wm. Jessop & Sons Ltd. & J. J. Saville

& Co. Ltd. • The Daimler Co. Ltd.

Lanchester Motor Co. Ltd. • Transport

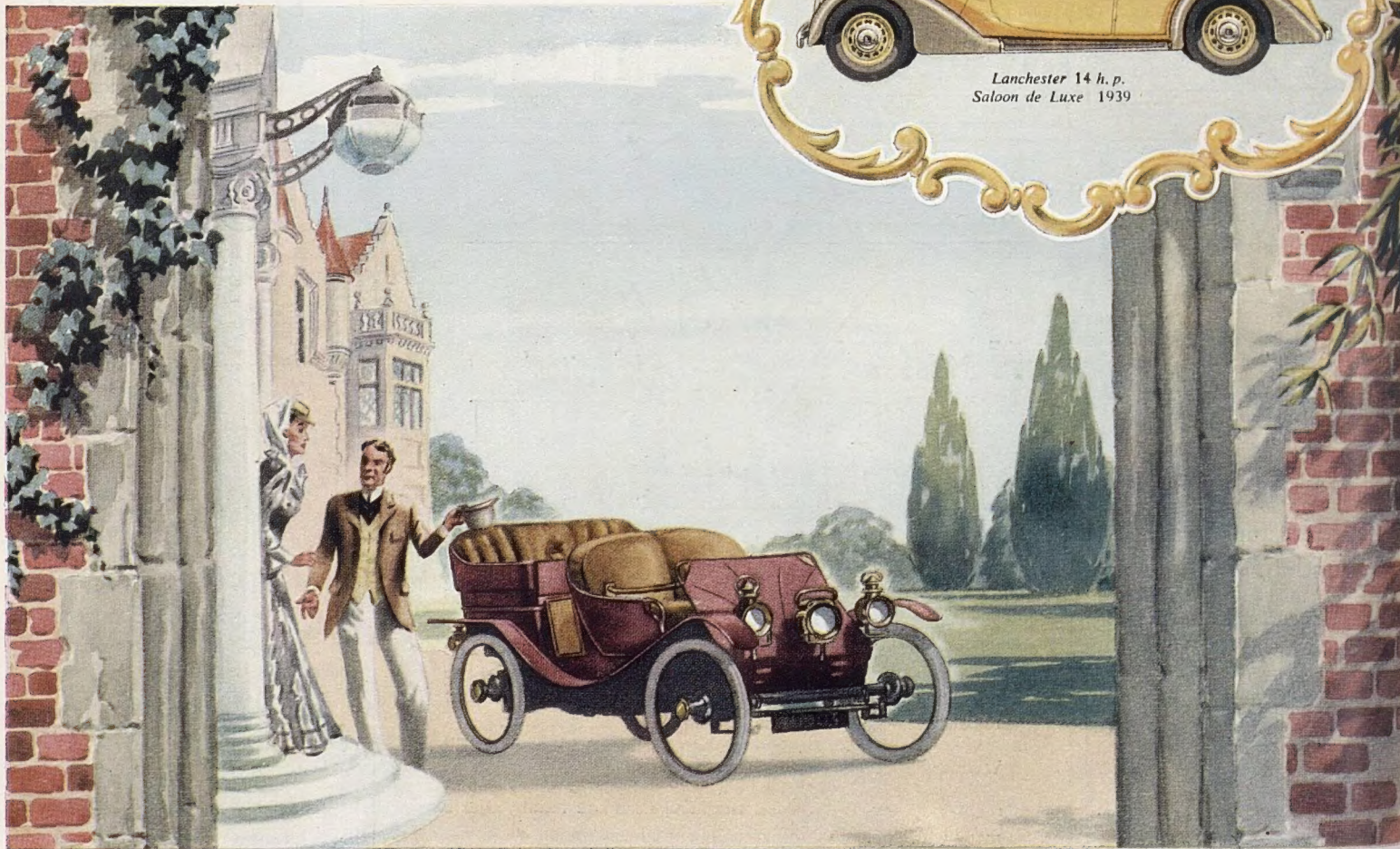
Vehicles (Daimler) Ltd. • B.S.A. Tools

Ltd. & Burton Griffiths & Co. Ltd. •

Monochrome Ltd.



Lanchester 14 h.p.
Saloon de Luxe 1939



Kipling's Lanchester the model he called the "Octopod" — an idyll of 1902.

Daimler

BSA

LANCHESTER